

# THE CRITIC.

Vol. XXV.—No. 638.

JULY 1, 1863.

Price 6d.; stamped 7d.

WILL CLOSE ON THE 25TH INST.  
**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The FIFTY-NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admission 1s Catalogue 6d.  
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**THE WORCESTER SOCIETY of ARTS.**  
NINTH EXHIBITION.—AUGUST, 1863.  
WORKS of ART Intended for this Exhibition must be addressed to the SECRETARY, and delivered at the Society's Rooms, Pierpoint-street, Worcester, or to Mr. JOSEPH GREEN, of 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, London, ON or BEFORE the EIGHTH of AUGUST NEXT.  
Further particulars, and a Copy of the Notice to Artists may be obtained on application to  
E. DE POIX-TYRELL, Secretary.  
42, Britannia-square, Worcester, May 28, 1863.

## COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, &c.

**ESHER, SURREY.**—The SONS of GENTLEMEN EDUCATED for ETON, HARROW, and the PUBLIC SCHOOLS, the ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, and INDIA, by the Rev. CHARLES CLARKE, &c. &c.; from eight years old and upwards. Terms according to age and requirements.

**EDUCATION in FRANCE.**—Institute Anglaise à Amiens.—A Married Graduate (Cambridge) PREPARES PUPILS for PROFESSIONAL and MERCANTILE PURSUITS. The course of instruction includes French, German, classics, mathematics, chemistry, &c. The pupils take their meals with the family of the Principal, and enjoy many unusual advantages. Terms moderate. References to clergymen and others friends and pupils.  
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**EDUCATION.—PRIVATE**  
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For prospectus, address the PRINCIPAL, Hurstbourne House, Whitechurch, Hants.

N.B. A School for the Daughters of Gentlemen (boarders only), under the age of thirteen—in connection with this establishment—is conducted by Mrs. SCOTT, aided by lady teachers. Apply by letter to Hurstbourne House.

**MARRIED and BENEFICED**  
A CLERGYMAN, M.A. of Cambridge residing in Cheshire—whose son in 1861 was first in the examination for the Uppingham Scholarship (value 70*l.* a year for five years), and whose second son in the present year was next to the last winner for same prize—receives THREE or FOUR YOUNG PUPILS to PREPARE for the PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The Uppingham Scholarships are open, and the Advertiser's sons, the only boys he has sent up for examination, were almost entirely educated at home. References to the Head Master of Uppingham, &c., &c.  
For further particulars apply by letter to "C. M. A." (No. 543), Field Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

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CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

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AND  
ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.  
Total Annual Revenue exceeds 500,000*l.*  
Accumulated Funds in Hand, over 1,000,000*l.*

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The Receipt of FIRE PREMIUMS has been as follows:  
1854 ..... £128,459  
1856 ..... 151,733  
1858 ..... 196,148  
1860 ..... 262,978  
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Year.	Sum Assured.	New Premiums.
1855	£206,514	£ 5,909 18 6
1857	329,380	10,370 8 6
1859	434,470	13,086 8 5
1861	521,101	16,627 18 0

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PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.  
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### APPOINTMENTS OFFERED.

FULL particulars of the following Appointments Offered are entered on the *Gratuitous Educational Registry*. This Registry may be inspected, or further particulars will be supplied to applicants by letter, without payment of any fee. Address the GRATUITOUS EDUCATIONAL REGISTRY, Office, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.  
Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for the reply.

**A GERMAN MASTER** wanted in a first-class establishment, competent to teach thoroughly chemistry, both theoretically and practically. A FRENCH MASTER, teaching drawing well; and also an ENGLISH MASTER, to teach writing, English, &c. Applications should contain testimonials, state age, and salary required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6473, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**MATHEMATICAL TUTOR** wanted in a select school, one who has graduated as a High Senior Optime, at the lowest, in the Cambridge Tripos, and who could undertake the discipline as well as instruction of senior pupils. Decided piety the chief requisite insisted on. Salary 150*l.* with board and lodging. Copies of testimonials required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6480, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**MASTERSHIP** of a free grammar school in Worcestershire. The course of instruction comprises a thorough English education with classics and mathematics. The master will be at liberty to take twelve boarders. The income is about 120*l.* per annum with a dwelling house and large garden. Must be a graduate of an English University, and a clergyman would be preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6482, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A MASTER** for the lower forms of a Yorkshire grammar school, to undertake writing, arithmetic, English, rudiments of Latin and Greek; other acquirements may be useful. He will have partial charge of boarders out of school, will board with the family, but sleep out. Testimonials (copies) as to character and principles, and good references required. Applicants to state terms, &c. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6484, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**WANTED**, in a Dorsetshire grammar-school, early in August, as SECOND MASTER, a graduate in Orders, of either Oxford or Cambridge. Salary 100*l.* per annum, with liberty to take boarders. An additional 50*l.* is offered for light clerical duty on the Sunday, if desired. Principles Evangelical. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6486, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AN ASSISTANT MASTER** wanted in a commercial or grammar school. Competent to instruct junior classes in English, arithmetic, Euclid, &c., and elementary Greek and Latin. Good knowledge of music. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6488, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**JUNIOR ASSISTANT** in a School, to teach the elements of Latin, mathematics, and English. An elementary knowledge of French would be an advantage. Board, lodging, and washing, with a comfortable home. Opportunity for private study and for acquiring a knowledge of the principles of teaching. A small salary will be given. Locality most healthy. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6490, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A JUNIOR ASSISTANT MASTER** is wanted in a respectable boarding-school. Must have a knowledge of French. Not under 20 years of age. Applicants to give references and particulars. Locality Middlesex. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6492, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A JUNIOR ASSISTANT** wanted after the Midsummer vacation, in a boarding-school twenty-five miles from London, who can teach the rudiments of Latin, French, English, arithmetic, writing, and geography. Applicants to state terms, and inclose testimonials of ability and character. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6494, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A GOVERNESS** well qualified to teach English, music, French, and drawing, is required in a ladies' school, near London. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6496, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A GOVERNESS WANTED**, in a clergyman's family in London, to teach four or five little girls under 15 years of age. Applicants to state age, salary, and to give references, and those only can be answered that are likely to suit. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6498, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**ENGLISH GOVERNESS**, wanted in a first-class ladies' seminary near London. She must be thoroughly competent to undertake the charge of pupils above fifteen, and to superintend their wardrobe. Salary about 30*l.* Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6500, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A FRENCH, SWISS, or GERMAN** Protestant lady, is required in a good school, to teach French and German. A thorough knowledge of these languages, and lady-like manners, indispensable. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6502, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A GENERAL TEACHER WANTED**, in an establishment for young ladies. One about 25 years of age, capable of attending to the practice of juniors in music, and of speaking French, and also willing to take personal charge of the pupils (few in number). Must be devoted to religion, views Evangelical. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6504, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A PROTESTANT FRENCH** GOVERNESS wanted in a ladies' boarding-school at the seaside in Lancashire. She must also teach music and drawing. References required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6506, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A WELL-EDUCATED LADY**, of the Church of England will be required after the present recess, in a preparatory establishment for young gentlemen. Must be competent to instruct in Latin beyond delectus, French, and drawing, with all that comprises a sound English education. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6508, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A LADY** required in a gentleman's family residing in the country, to give a solid English education, with good music, French, drawing (and a knowledge of Latin desirable) to three children, ages from 8 to 4 years. She will be expected to take charge of, and walk out with them. Age not to exceed 25. Salary 25*l.* None but a lady need apply. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6510, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADY** is wanted in a farm house, to educate and take charge of four young children. She must be a good needlewoman, and willing to make herself useful. She will be treated as one of the family. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6512, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A YOUNG LADY** who can teach music and drawing is wanted in a small school in the country. Must not be under 17 years of age. Applicant to state age, experience, and salary required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 6514, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

### APPOINTMENTS WANTED.

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Notice.—Applicants by letter should quote the number of the "Box" in each case, to facilitate reference; and also inclose two stamps for reply.

**A GENTLEMAN**, the son of a late beneficed clergyman of considerable experience in tuition, and who has for the last year and a-half held the third mastership in an endowed school, desires a similar engagement. The highest testimonials and references given. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,323, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A GENTLEMAN** returning from Paris seeks an engagement as TUTOR in a gentleman's family. Teaches English thoroughly, English history, geography, grammar, analysis and composition, writing, mathematics, algebra, quadratics, Euclid (four books), plane trigonometry, drawing (freehand and geometrical), French (grammar, thoroughly, literature and conversation), Latin, Greek, book-keeping, and mapping. No objection to travel; France or the French Cantons of Switzerland preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,335, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AS MASTER** of a Parochial or National School, or as ASSISTANT in a private school, if the former salary 50*l.*, if the latter 24*l.* with board, laundry, &c. Advertiser is 25 years of age, and competent to teach reading, writing, geography, English grammar, and history, also book-keeping, natural philosophy, arithmetic Euclid (five books) Algebra to the end of quadrature, mensuration, and Scripture history. Can produce excellent testimonials and references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,327, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**A NOXFORD UNDERGRADUATE** wishes to take a TUTORSHIP for the long vacation. Has had previous experience and can give excellent testimonials. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,329, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**REQUIRED immediately**, a situation as PRIVATE TUTOR in a gentleman's family, by a clergyman's son. Stipend 40*l.* per annum with board and lodging. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,331, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AS SCHOOL ASSISTANT**; the Eastern Counties or near London preferred. Advertiser is 21 years of age, of dissenting principles, and competent to teach English thoroughly, Latin, Greek, algebra (both equations), Euclid (four books), junior French, mensuration, &c. Salary 30*l.* Excellent references can be given. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,333, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AS TUTOR** to young gentlemen travelling or residing in France. Has received a good education at a grammar-school, and had three years' experience in tuition. Two years in last situation. Good references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,335, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AS TUTOR** for boys under 12 years of age, by the son of a clergyman. Can teach Latin, Greek, and junior mathematics. Stipend not a primary object. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,337, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

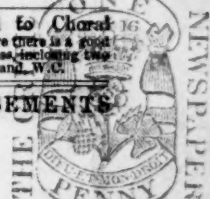
**AS JUNIOR ASSISTANT MASTER**, experience two years. English through, algebra, simple equations, first and second books Euclid; Latin, Smith's Principia, Arnold's Henry's First Latin Book; and Junior French. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,339, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**UN JEUNE ANGLAIS**, bien élevé, âgé de vingt ans, désire enseigner sa langue dans une famille française. Il peut s'exprimer en français. De bons renseignements. S'adresser à Box 12,341, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

**AN ORGANIST** accustomed to Choral Service, desires a re-engagement where there is a good organ and choir. Good testimonials. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,343, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.

## REGISTRY ADVERTISEMENTS

continued on next page



NEWSPAPER

**AS GOVERNESS in a family (one or two advanced pupils preferred), by a German lady, whose acquirements are her native language, French, and first-rate music and singing. In drawing only landscape and flower painting. Has had eight years' experience in tuition, and in high families. Salary 20*l.* if in England, 20*l.* and travelling expenses if abroad. References very satisfactory. Age 30. Is at present in London. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,345, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS GOVERNESS to young children in a gentleman's family, by a lady whose acquirements are English generally, music, and the rudiments of French. Is 39 years of age, can give good references and has had some experience in tuition. Salary from 12*l.* per annum. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,347, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS GOVERNESS, where accomplishments are not required, or as USEFUL COMPANION. Advertiser is 27 years of age, and has no objection to travel or to go abroad. Has had experience as a governess, as a companion, and as a traveller. Salary not under 17*l.* if to travel, not under 20*l.* Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,349, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS GOVERNESS to young children, by a lady, 30 years of age, and competent to teach English, the rudiments of French, music, &c. Is also competent to fill the situation of organist, if required. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,351, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS DAILY GOVERNESS in a family, or ASSISTANT in a school. Has had much experience in tuition, and is competent to teach English, French, and the rudiments of music. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,353, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS DAILY GOVERNESS to pupils under twelve, by a young lady, who is competent to instruct in English, music, French, and the rudiments of German. Salary 25*l.* Has been teacher in a school for three years. Age 20. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,355, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS FINISHING RESIDENT GOVERNESS, by a lady possessed of excellent references and testimonials as to thorough knowledge of music, both scientifically and practically, of English, of French, conversational and grammatical, also as to competency to teach well, singing, Italian, Latin, and drawing. She plays on the organ and harmonium, is a first-rate pianist, and can manage a church choir. Salary about 70 guineas. Age 29. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,357, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**A LADY, just returned from Paris, desires a re-engagement as MORNING or RESIDENT GOVERNESS (if morning, the north-west of London preferred). Her acquirements are French (grammatically and conversationally), music, drawing, French history, literature and rhetoric, combined with sound English education. Good references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,359, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**A LADY who has had some years' experience in tuition is wishing for a re-engagement as GOVERNESS in a family where the pupils are young. She teaches English, music, and the rudiments of French. Good references. Salary 30*l.* Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,361, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**RESIDENT FINISHING GOVERNESS for one or two pupils only. A situation is required by a lady by birth and education, and a member of the Established Church, in a nobleman's or gentleman's family. She has had many years' experience in the education of young ladies. Acquirements, sound English and the higher branches of French, conversational; German and Italian, rudiments of Latin and Spanish, music (vocal and instrumental) and concertina, drawing in many styles and in which she is considered to excel. No objection to Ireland or Scotland. Salary from 80*l.* to 100*l.* is now in town. Address, Box 12,363, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**AS RESIDENT GOVERNESS, by a young lady, who has had three years' experience in tuition, and is competent to teach thorough English, drawing, music, and French. Salary 25*l.* Age 22. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,365, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**RESIDENT GOVERNESS in a farmhouse, wanted, by a lady, the daughter of a physician, accustomed to tuition, and 25 years of age. Acquirements, English (thoroughly), music, singing, French, and the rudiments of drawing. Salary not less than 20*l.* per annum. Yorkshire, or Lincolnshire, would be preferred. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,367, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**THE NIECE of a clergyman, who can be recommended by the wife of another, with whom she has been for a short time as daily governess, desires a re-engagement as RESIDENT, where the children are under 10. She teaches French, music, and the rudiments of English and ornamental needlework. Age 18. Principles, Evangelical. References exchanged. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,369, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**A WIDOW desires a re-engagement as GOVERNESS in a family or school. Can give good references. Acquirements English, French, and Italian (acquired abroad), drawing, painting and music. Salary liberal. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,371, 10, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

**A YOUNG LADY, of first-rate musical abilities, desires a re-engagement as GOVERNESS or COMPANION. She has had several years' experience in teaching English, French, and music, and can give excellent references. Address, inclosing two stamps, Box 12,373, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.**

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## THE CRITIC.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

**W**INKY-WONKY-WUM was more than a match for the Commodore. Commodores are apparently no hands at argument. It seems to be a naval rank incompatible with the exercise of the reasoning faculties, at any rate to the conviction of your fellow-creatures. Commodore WILKES, though he studied "Wheaton," with a towel steeped in sea-water bound tightly round his head, could not prove even to his own Government that he had a right to the bodies of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL; and as to Commodore WILMOT, though he was "accompanied," and no doubt assisted, "by Captain LUCE and Dr. HARAN, of the *Brisk*," and offered money in the most tempting manner (just as men do to win Jews over to baptism), to convince a royal man-seller of the immorality of his practice WINKY-WONKY-WUM was too much a great deal for the insinuating Commodore. The KING of DAHOMEY, in fact, has been gifted by nature with a great deal of sense; it would be well if those persons, who, without ever showing that they possess even the average faculties of a human being, turn up their noses at the negro race, and hug themselves in a fancied superiority, would try a bout of wits with the "King of all the Blacks." It is a question whether Lord DERBY himself, who may be taken as the best specimen living of a liberal-minded Conservative, could have spoken more sensibly to a deputation from the Cannibal Islands, with a request that we would abolish beef-eating and put down the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, than his sable Majesty did to the extremely reasonable demand that he would straightway destroy the institutions of Dahomey, and incontinently lose his head for his pains. And if the Commodore be at all a sensitive person he must have winced a little when the KING remarked, in self-defence, that "he did not send slaves away in his own ships, but white men came to him for them;" and he must have felt a still small voice within him, gently but persistently asking the question whether or not the earlier suppliants, crying, "Sell us slaves, O King," did not boast the name of Englishmen. In good truth, the KING of DAHOMEY appears to be a very superior man; we may regret his barbarities; we may sneer at his army including 5000 Amazons, who "understand the use of the musket, and load and fire with remarkable rapidity;" whose "activity is surprising," who "would run with some of our best performers in England;" who (*credite, Anglicana*) are positively chaste, and whose "captains" "carry the skulls of their enemies in their girdles;" we may lament his human sacrifices; and we may gnash our teeth in unavailing remorse to think that we encouraged him to sell his men and brethren; but we cannot help admiring, and we ought to take a lesson from his commonsense and uncommon courtesy. It may go against the grain to learn from a "nigger," but it is matter of congratulation to the human race that a "nigger" should have shown that he has something to teach. The KING says, "I am not like the Kings of Lagos, Porto Novo, Benin," &c., and we can easily believe it, or the kings of Caucasian origin might run a risk (not to the credit of their brains) of comparison with African royalty.

**I**T IS SINCERELY TO BE HOPED that the American people will believe our CHIEF BARON does his best to deserve his salary. But the case of the *Alexandra* will try them much. They will have less sense than we give them credit for, and more temper than is usually attributed to them (when a question is at issue which touches their interest), if they do not quarrel with the CHIEF BARON's doctrine respecting international law, and account for his peculiar views rather on the ground of Confederate tendencies than the far more probable ground of senile incapacity. It might be, and is very often, said, that owing to his wig and his robe, and the atmosphere in

which he is accustomed to sit, even a juvenile judge cannot be expected to keep his head clear, or to form logical conclusions, or to deliver consequential judgments; but when the "object" (and legal vestments really do make a man an "object") has not even the advantage of youth, mental nebulousness seems an almost inevitable consequence. For our own part, we think it most probable that the CHIEF BARON tried to banish from his mind all thought of personal antipathy which was likely to bias his decision; that he attempted to interpret international law according to the principles to be found in Lord STOWELL; that he wished to deduce right inferences from certain facts; that he determined to propound a doctrine which should command the assent of all, even those who live across the Atlantic, from its lucidity, its broad basis, and its wonderful justice; and that he failed signally. The worst of it is, that feeling some sort of support accruing to them from the vagaries of a MIXOS in his dotage, Lord ROBERT CECIL and his brother Confederatisers of the House of Commons are emboldened to go a step farther, and, seeing that mal-administration of international law amongst ourselves is tolerably secure, to denounce the Americans for taking advantage of those laws of naval warfare which we were the first to establish. It is, of course, exceedingly hard on a poor Englishman who only wants to make his fortune out of the misery and slaughter of his fellow-creatures, and who therefore naturally trades most with the people who are most in need of his help, and are thus most likely to pay high prices for it, to find that he has not to deal with a pig which he can cause to believe (after the manner of the Irishman in "Joe Miller") that he is going to Cork when all the while he is going to Dublin. If you sent coals to Newcastle would any body believe that you did it for purposes of *bona fide* sale? Would men not say it was a quibble to assume that was their ultimate destination? Suppose there be a water-way to a princely mansion, which is pretty well known to deal with GUNTER, and GUNTER's man be seen to land at the lodge-gate (say a mile lower down the river) with one of those green boxes upon his head, what are the odds about the destination of GUNTER's man? And surely if any kind of law should be administered without pettifoggery, it is the law which has relation to the rights of two mighty nations.

## THE REGENERATION OF THE PULPIT.

**T**HAT THE PULPIT HAS DECLINED, is declining, is farther destined to decline, and that the press is more and more taking its place,—these two propositions we have frequently heard of late. The decay of the pulpit it would be foolish to deny; but that the press can ever be a substitute for the pulpit we emphatically question. It is not always right to reject the superficial explanation of a matter, for the superficial, in the majority of cases, is the true explanation; so that learned and ingenious persons often perplex themselves to discover profound reasons, when the real reason is at the tip of their fingers. But in the particular instance before us, the superficial explanation is a folly and a falsehood. Except in seasons of intellectual enlightenment or revival, the pulpit has never flourished. It were strange, then, to aver that what has been a condition of existence should, by its increase, be a principle of death.

The victory of Athanasianism over Arianism was contemporaneous alike with a great intellectual movement and with the supremacy of the pulpit, as may be seen by any one who consults Villain's interesting "History of Christian Eloquence in the Fourth Century," and similar works. An eclipse followed; darkness settled down on the nations; and, in the pomp and prodigality of ritual, the Living Word was hushed. Scholasticism was a marvellous upheaval of the human mind, even if the points debated by scholasticism were often frivolous. If scholasticism turned the pulpit into an instrument of fruitless logomachy, it, nevertheless, restored to it somewhat of its pristine vigour. An element more genial and divine than scholasticism, yet closely intertwined with it, began to operate—mysticism. The same holy, elevating, sympathetic force breathed in the pulpit which burns in the "Imitation of Christ." This, however, was too sublime to last; it was too pure, too awful for the multitude. As a reaction against it, a species of dramatic preaching arose, often degenerating into buffoonery. With the advent of Protestantism, the pulpit entered into a new phase; was stern, dogmatic, polemical. The foremost reformer—Luther—was the foremost preacher likewise; and the other leading reformers, including Calvin, excelled no less as orators than as theologians.

In Germany and Italy the pulpit was revolutionised by political commotions and ecclesiastical conflicts; in France, by Jesuitism, Jansenism, Scepticism; in England, by Puritanism, Deism, Methodism. From the middle of the seventeenth century till the middle of the eighteenth, the pulpit achieved in France its grandest artistic triumphs. Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fléchier, Fénelon, Massillon, in the Catholic Church; Saurin, in the Protestant,—these and the like rendered the utterances of the pulpit genuine miracles of art. As literary productions, the sermons of Massillon especially, reach an ideal perfection. This was so much the opinion of Voltaire, that he had always the sermons of Massillon lying beside him on his library-table. England has no pulpit orators to place, in the artistic sense, beside the illustrious pulpit orators of France. How gorgeous Jeremy Taylor! How massive and suggestive Barrow! How witty and how wise, how ingenious and impressive, is South!

But the art, Where is that? We seek for it in vain as well in Taylor, Barrow, South, as in every other English preacher, from Latimer down to our own days. The most finished preacher that ever entered the English pulpit was Robert Hall; yet Hall is to be praised rather for polish of style than anything else. There is no robustness of thought, or splendour of imagery, or rapid rush of invincible logic. A few striking passages, too elaborate, too artificial, break the deal level of mediocrity. In sheer power, in daring, downright dominant strength, Chalmers was, perhaps, as a preacher unsurpassed. He had much of Luther's opulent breadth and leonine impetuosity. But there was nothing very original about Chalmers; his ideas were neither new nor deep; his erudition was meagre and commonplace; and his culture was of that imperfect kind which Scottish schools and Universities furnish. Edward Irving, a man of higher genius and of more prophetic mould than Chalmers, was too completely an enthusiast to care for art, its laws, its requirements, its models, its severe, yet necessary limitations. A singular and altogether English type of pulpit eloquence is that of which, first George Whitfield and then Rowland Hill were the representatives. It is intensely melodramatic, but its moral empire belongs to a bygone age. The exceedingly vulgar persons who stand forth as the pretended successors of George Whitfield and Rowland Hill, aim only at exciting and amusing, are simply charlatans; with the impudence rather than the adroitness of the gifted impostor. Very different from these merryandrews are the decorous platitudinarians who occupy the majority of English pulpits, whose chief ambition is to say nothing fitted to offend the most fastidious taste; who forget that their hearers have consciences to be roused, lives to be reformed, and who nicely adapt theology and morals to social conventionalism.

The lack of earnestness in the community sufficiently explains to us the temporary feebleness and barrenness of the pulpit. Our literature is not earnest nor our politics; and our energy is all expended in a sort of obstreperous philanthropy in which there is more a pastime for our vanity than an outlet for the plenitude of our love. That the pulpit should be so extremely lulling is scarcely a fault in the eyes of men at present. In their hunt for pleasure, and in their noisy affectation of universal benevolence, they have stimulated themselves to excess, and are glad of the cosy pew as a haven of rest, where, remote from the tempests of passion, soothing sounds may envelope them in delicious slumber. Those who in the olden time were called *painful preachers* would now find all their *pains* wasted, and would not be acceptable to the modern church-goers. Yet these lotus-eaters, when occasionally tired of the pulpit, grumble at it for being so languid and frigid. The anesthetics which paralyse the sentient, weaken the motory and trophic nerves. Church-goers would like the pulpit chloroform to take away their anguish, yet leave them all their vigour when they are in the mood to be vigorous. This is a delusion. We cannot be strong at will. Muscularity is a habit; it comes from training and from discipline. The pulpit must either be armed with Titanic valour, must unsparingly rebuke sin, uphold the beauty of holiness, strenuously animate to noblest duties, or it must be the echo of popular prejudices—a shameless agent for promoting enormous and incurable effeminacy. The community, therefore, should not blame the pulpit for what is the community's own grievous fault. Let it compel the pulpit to be earnest by being earnest itself.

This is enough for the leading aspect of the affair; but, with other aspects of it, the pulpit itself, not the community, must deal.

It is manifest at the outset that preachers must be willing to acquire a scholarship both general and theological, in absolute consonance with the most advanced science of the age. Preachers, both in the Church and among the Dissenters, are an ill-informed and an ill-educated class. Many of them are ignorant of Hebrew and of the cognate languages; of ecclesiastical history; of Biblical criticism. Hence it happens that few are less familiar with whatsoever would tend to illustrate the Bible than those whose profession it is to interpret the Bible. Full and accurate knowledge will not of itself make a man eloquent, but it is an incalculable help to eloquence. The mind well stored, if it is not quickly contagious, oratorically irresistible, overflows with suggestions which are often more attractive than the most puissant witchery of speech. The scholarship of preachers should be profound rather than encyclopædic, otherwise there may be risk of sciolism. They should know a few things well, and as much of all things as is compatible herewith.

But there is a knowledge which books cannot give. The future preacher should not bury himself in a cloistral isolation. To act on the world potently, he must know the world well. Perhaps one reason why Roman Catholic surpass Protestant preachers is, that they reach the deepest mysteries, the subtlest motives, the most labyrinthine windings of the human heart through the confessional. Preaching should be eminently emotional. It is intended alike to rouse men and to raise them. Addressed to all classes, it must pierce, crush, overwhelm. By passion it strives to purify and consecrate passion. Now, how can he stir passion and ennoble it who is himself a passionless machine? Whence was Luther's force except from his Titanic wrestle with tragical temptations? In the pulpit it is by prophetic fervours that oratorical victories are gained; but the prophetic fervours must be kindled by the flames of the preacher's own experience. None but the sinner can speak convincingly to sinners; none but the man of infinite sorrows can console the sorrowing. How much the pith of Lacordaire's words to sceptics was intensified by his own early scepticism! Could Paul have been the Apostle to

the Gentiles if he had not had a career so varied, so practical, so human? That majestic, inflexible, pertinacious Hebrew individuality which, from Abraham downward, had been so memorable, which dashed down the pride of Greece and Rome, seized the whole heritage of ancient civilisation, and subdued the earth; had been tried in the furnace of crime as well as in the furnace of affliction. Away, then, from the pulpit with lipping phrasemongers and irreproachable nobodies! Let us have strong men there—true athletes—even if they have committed iniquities for which no repentance can atone, and are tortured by woes which make their life one long crucifixion. Who has influenced the theology of Christendom so profoundly as Saint Augustine? Yet Saint Augustine's confessions show us to what strange excesses his fiery African blood had driven him. It is not for profligates, reclaimed or unreclaimed, that we are pleading as occupants of the pulpit, but for earnest, stalwart souls, the very opulence of whose sympathy has led them astray.

For the regeneration of the pulpit those ministrations of mercy must be summoned back which were so conspicuous and so invincible in the Church of the Middle Ages. When the Church is divorced from the poor, the pulpit is a vanity—an inanity. Can it be denied that it is divorced from the poor in England? There is abundance of church building in these days, or, at least, abundance of noise about it. To the church building we have no objection; but it meets only a small part of the evil. You have to persuade the poor that the more you are devout, the more you are filled, toward them, with pity untiring—with love inexhaustible. To pet and patronise the poor, or to throw alms at them as if they were lepers, is to wrong yourselves and religion too. There is much talk about indiscriminate charity, but charity is never indiscriminate, for the same impulse which prompts us to relieve, prompts us to ascertain completely the wants of those whom we succour, so that true Charity is wiser than political economy. In a hard, prosaic, Utilitarian age, we need not be afraid of being too charitable. The defect of the English is, that though their benevolence is often magnificent both in manner and degree, they have none of that spontaneous tenderness which obliterates for the moment all social distinctions, and which is so characteristic of the Irish. It is charity, the best of charity, to make our fellow man feel, less by the gift than by the mode of giving, how little both he and we are in the presence of the Eternal and Ineffable God. When ministrations of mercy are pervaded—organised by this spirit, the pulpit itself becomes one Divine voice of mercy. Who can fail to be eloquent that gazes as he speaks into the eloquent eyes of grateful poverty? The tears of grief which thou hast helped to dry, or the tears of joy which thou hast made to flow to day, are changed into heavenly manna on the morrow, wherewith thou canst banquet the souls committed to thy guidance.

Moreover, in Protestant churches the sermon is robbed of its natural fruits by the exceeding prominence given to it. Most persons enter the temple of the Lord to hear a discourse—good or bad as it may be—and not to worship. They are in a captious or critical mood, yet, verily, they should be borne on the wings of music, of prayer, and of ritual, to the empyrean of holiest ecstasy. The sermon should be a tone among ten thousand tones, the burning response to the aspirations and yearnings of assembled adorers. Preaching ought to be, so far as the preacher himself is concerned, self-annihilation, a sublime fashion of self-sacrifice. Whereas, the preacher is now the principal actor. He is at home, as the elder Mathews used to be—only on a graver stage. What can be more absurd than to hear, as we continually hear, of favourite preachers? And are not these favourite preachers often most insignificant mortals? In rural districts the favourite preacher is followed about from pulpit to pulpit by giddy girls, by silly old maids, by doating dowagers, dividing their attention with crinoline, for it is women mainly who are the sinners in this matter. For idiocies of the sort we must be prepared till the entire transfiguration and ennoblement of the devotional service co-operates with the regeneration of the pulpit.

Sermons should not be so formal as they are. They should not all and always be in full Sunday attire. Frequently they should be familiar addresses. We do not profess to agree—on many points—with the persons known as Tractarians; but some of the reforms which they have proposed are important and desirable. They have wished, for instance, that the church should be ever open to the feet of the weary pilgrim, ever an asylum for his bruised and contrite spirit, where he may enter and hold converse with the Invisible. Now, if the churches, at every season, invited the wayfarer to become the worshipper, and summoned the entire brotherhood of believers to regular adorations three or four times a day, the preacher would have countless opportunities of uttering those brief and pregnant sentences which are armed with a conquering power, generally unattainable by systematic appeals.

Such a constitution of the Church—of the congregation—as Irvingism has attempted would be favourable to preaching. Irvingism has created a hierarchy of the most varied kind, like that which is believed to have existed in the primitive Christian assemblies. Irvingism has faith in the gift of tongues; and we have faith in it too. But there is no need of any miracle. Where there is an immense diversity of office and of action there will be immense diversity of speech. A congregation, a Church, should be so organised as to make every member thereof active. Where all the members of a Church are active—not passive—they are all, in one sense or another,

preachers; and the preacher, properly so called, is the leader of an army, not a solitary champion too often fighting with chimeras.

Preaching should be religious more than moral, moral more than theological. It should seldom be polemical. We never yet heard either a religious or a moral discourse from a Scottish pulpit; but we have listened to innumerable disquisitions on abstruse dogmas. What benefit the plain, unlettered multitude, peasants and fishermen, could derive from elaborate theological dissertations we could never discover. Things are not quite so bad in England. The English preacher, unless a fierce bigot, which is rare, does not quite forget the daily wants, the spiritual necessities of his hearers. Yet, alas! in England no less than in Scotland, preaching is too dogmatic and controversial. The hearers come to receive the bread of life, but instead of receiving it, they are entertained with abuse of their neighbour, for eating, or for giving poison. This is by no means edifying. If we reflect that, compared to no religion at all, every religion is good, and that the man who has no religion at all is more to be pitied than blamed, we shall perhaps find that the pulpit can be turned to better account than denouncing Roman Catholics and infidels. Not that the pulpit should encourage latitudinarianism, but it should take it for granted that those addressed have built upon a rock and not upon the sand. Why should you be unceasingly demonstrating the Trinity or the Atonement to the man who believes in both? Are you not really acting as if you wished to convert him into a Pyrrhonist?

Finally, pulpit eloquence should be studied as an Art. Nowhere hitherto has it been studied as an art except in France, and in the French parts of Switzerland. What was the training which formed Samuel Vincent, Alexander Vinet, Athanasius Coquerel, and many other modern French and Swiss preachers of eminence? Continual exercises in elocution and improvisation, and the wise and varied instructions and suggestions of a professor of pulpit eloquence. If we wished to make a youth an accomplished preacher we should send him to the Theological Academy at Geneva, where everything, small or great, is made to serve as a discipline for the perfect orator. It is from Germany that England may learn how to make able divines; it is from Geneva that it

must learn how to make accomplished preachers. Lord Derby, on a late occasion, said that all were agreed as to the need of improving, from time to time, the English institutions; but that nearly all were agreed as to the propriety of carrying out the improvements in a conservative spirit. This is true enough, as it is likewise true that in regard to political and other changes, the Teutonic nations are evolutionists, and the Romanic nations revolutionists. But there can be no question of conservatism or the contrary in respect to institutions which scarcely exist, even in the most rudimentary form. Now, pulpit eloquence in England is, as an art, not a thing to be changed, but a thing to be entirely created. There must be in the theological department of our schools and universities professorships of pulpit eloquence, and there must be incessant exercises in improvisation and in elocution. Debating societies we consider to be in every way pernicious. Better that the student, instead of wasting his breath in debating societies, should devote himself to profound and prolonged intercourse with Demosthenes and Cicero, Chrysostom and Augustine, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon. It would not be time wasted for a student to translate a portion of Massillon every day. Some hints may be derived from Maury's "Essay on the Eloquence of the Pulpit;" and hints still more valuable from the admirable edition by Robert Robinson of Claude's "Essay on the Composition of a Sermon." Henry Ware's "Treatise on Extemporaneous Preaching" is not without its worth. There is urgent need in England for a comprehensive work on pulpit eloquence, containing both the history and the theory of the art, with copious illustrations. In one of his earliest productions Richter has some beautiful remarks on the relation of genius to rules. As genius is only a manifestation of God's eternal order, it can never seek disorder. It must really always be obeying either rules which it receives from others, or which it makes for itself. This, by the way, for those who dread, or pretend to dread, lest in the pulpit we should trammel, strangle genius by art. If art degenerates into artificiality or pedantry, it must be through the operation of causes in which art is not directly concerned. The Hebrew prophets were clothed with the fiercest enthusiasm, and yet there were schools of the prophets to cultivate the art of speaking.

ATTICUS.

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### COCHLEARIA.

*Conchologia Iconica. Figures and Descriptions of the Shells of the Mollusca; with Remarks on their Affinities, Synonymy, and Geographical Distribution.* By LOVELL REEVE, F.L.S. London: published by the Author. 228 Parts, 4to. 1843-1863.

*The Land and Freshwater Mollusks Indigenous to, or Naturalised in, the British Isles.* By the Same. 1863. 8vo. pp. 275.

EXPERIENCED SHELL-BUYERS and others who, without being conchological, have long been familiar with Ludgate-hill, may remember a shop at the corner of Belle-Sauvage-yard, where Mr. Graham displayed choice shells in addition to the usual attractions of an Italian warehouse, not many years ago. In that house Lovell Reeve acquired his taste for "la belle science" conchology; and when he commenced business on his own account, he, too, set apart a niche of his window for the exhibition of shells. These favourites soon displaced all competition, and have held possession ever since, with this difference, that now only their effigies are diffused from the establishment in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. In fact, Mr. Reeve was smitten with the desire to describe and publish the many new and valuable specimens which passed through his hands or came within reach; and as no established publisher could have undertaken the risk for him, he embarked in the adventure for himself. In this career, as a natural history publisher, we believe he has been eminently successful; and if the zoologists have been staunch to Van Voorst, Mr. Reeve has enjoyed the publication of many works for distinguished botanists—the Hookers, Bentham, Harvey, Joseph Woods, Berkeley, Sæmann—as well as his own voluminous treatises on conchology.

Of these treatises we have already noticed the "Elements of Conchology," in the CRITIC (Dec. 22, 1860), and we have now to speak of two others—one on "Land and Freshwater Mollusks," which is apparently the first volume of a history, long since promised, of all the British shells; the other a large work, commenced more than twenty years ago, and which has now attained the goodly size of thirteen volumes quarto, with above 1800 plates, and the respectable price of a hundred guineas. These plates, which contain coloured figures of more than 10,000 sorts of shells, are all drawn by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, from original specimens in the Cumingian and other celebrated collections. Large as the work has become, it is but half-finished, and both publisher and artist may rest assured that if they continue to be as industrious for another twenty years the supply of materials will not fail them. We formerly estimated the number of known shells at 16,000; but not less than 18,000 have been described up to the present time. The researches of Dr. L. Pfeiffer have added enormously to the catalogue of land shells, and as novelties are con-

tinually arriving, we may consider this statement of the future run of the *Conchologia Iconica* as quite within the mark. Those who can afford such a price for a book on shells, are not likely to desire more crowded plates or less sumptuous pages. We imagine there are quite sufficient public libraries in Europe, the Colonies, and America—in all of which this work is a necessary, rather than a luxury—as well as private subscribers, to insure its continued support. The Queen takes two copies of the *Iconica*, for Osborne and Balmoral; but this, perhaps, arose from an accident which it would be hardly desirable to repeat. When twelve numbers had been issued, a parcel supposed to contain them was sent to Buckingham Palace, but proved, on examination, to consist of twelve copies of number one. The Prince Consort graciously informed the publisher that Her Majesty could not subscribe for a dozen copies—but would take two.

It is not to be supposed that such a costly work can be presented to the editors of journals, but in our case Mr. Reeve has communicated certain monographs, relating to the family of *Terebratulæ*, or "lamp shells," which we gladly accept as a sample of the whole. Each monograph of a genus is prefaced by some introductory remarks, and has a separate title-page, with a motto, consisting of a line or two from Shakespeare mostly, the irrelevancy of which must have puzzled many a conchologist. For example, the motto of *Terebratula* is

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.

We are quite happy to concede to the author his "victorious wreaths;" but what of the "bruised arms?" For he has neither dredged the sea-bed, nor dissected its molluscous inhabitants; and we hope he will never bruise his peaceful pen. A Darwinian may, perhaps, suspect that these apparently purposeless excerpts are a sort of rudimentary manifestation of the histrionic talent of the writer's family.

The *Terebratulæ* are not "fancy shells," like the cones and mitres, although some of them are very scarce, and specimens occasionally fetch several guineas. Formerly they were much less known, and a single example was regarded as an acquisition to a conchological cabinet, serving to mark the place of a curious group of shells. The name *Terebratula*, or little perforated (shell), was given so long ago as 1699, by the Welsh scholar and geologist Lhwyd. A century later they were called *Lampades*, or lamp-shells, from their resemblance to antique lamps, by the shell dealer Humphrey. Linnaeus was acquainted with only two sorts, and confounded those with the *Anomia*. Mr. Lovell Reeve has figured and described seventy-two species, belonging to fifteen genera and sub-genera. A few of these are not very distinct, but several additional kinds have already been

made known by the researches of Lucas Barrett, and Dr. Gould. The number of fossil *Brachiopoda* is much more considerable. D'Orbigny had catalogued above 1200 of them in 1850; and Mr. Davidson, who has drawn and described a part of the British species only, for the Palæontographical Society (those of the Silurian and Devonian strata are now in progress) has devoted to their illustration 150 quarto plates, containing five thousand figures! Mr. Reeve justly remarks, "it is difficult to generalise" about the few recent species, "with the hope of arriving at many conclusions of interest," without any knowledge of these fossil shells—the predecessors, if not the ancestors, of those now living in the sea. Mr. Darwin and Sir Charles Lyell have strongly insisted on the alleged continuance of some particular forms from the birth-time of the oldest stratified rocks to the present day. Without admitting such a perfect identity—since mere resemblance of shape is often delusive—we have no doubt that in this class of living objects, as in all others, certain pattern (or archetypal) forms have been widely dispersed and perpetuated indefinitely. We have fossil lamp-shells of the old rocks which retain even their spots and coloured stripes, painted after a fashion still in vogue. And as these shells fit very close, so as to have excluded the ingress of mud, after death, we often find them hollow, and still exhibiting their internal structure, sometimes finely crystallised with spar. The "sub-generic" forms are less widely distributed, either in time or space. Many are quite extinct, having lasted only during the formation of one system of rocks, or one single stratum; and some of those now living are unknown in a fossil state. The largest fossil genera have fewest living representatives; the largest recent genera are those which occur only in the later geological records. The evidence, on the whole, shows most certainly a continual and orderly change, of just such a nature as WILLIAM SMITH taught, and is equally irreconcilable with the uniformitarian heresy or the doctrine of chance; while it is fatal to the hypothesis of "descent with modification," if carried beyond specific limits.

Mr. Reeve goes on to say, "as might be expected in the case of a tribe of animals which existed so much more abundantly in the primeval seas, and are perhaps destined at no very remote period to disappear altogether, they are much scattered, and are not abundant in individuals." This statement is not wholly correct. We had long since shown, in papers which have been useful to Mr. Reeve, that, so far as the "records" go, there never was a time when these shells were more numerous than they are now! And he has himself told us that those kinds which are most accessible from living in shallow water are sufficiently "abundant in individuals." Witness the frontispiece of the monograph, representing that fine group of *Terebratulæ* attached to a stone, which Mr. Jukes brought home from Sydney harbour, where "hundreds were brought up at each haul of the dredge." In the allied genus *Lingula*, one species at least is so plentiful that twenty bushels of it were collected for Mr. Cuming in 1836 on the shores of Manila Bay, after a heavy storm. Throughout his pages Mr. Reeve scatters credit and blame somewhat blindly, but in matters too trivial for criticism; no one, e.g., will complain that Professor Suess gets credit for Buchan's discovery of the *Crania anomala* at Spitzbergen, and the extension of it to Vigo by McAndrew. In future it may be added that Dr. Torell has obtained this shell in Greenland, and Lucas Barrett at Jamaica, as mentioned in the CRITIC last December.

Before quitting the subject of "shells in general," we wish to say a few words about the national collection. According to the "Blue Book," it consists of about 9000 species of shells, occupying fifty glass tables, in a gallery 300 feet long, the wall-cases of the gallery being occupied by the collection of stuffed birds. Possibly the bulk of the shells might be doubled, like that of Mr. Lovell Reeve's book, in the next twenty years, by giving five or six thousand pounds for the Cuming collection, and continuing to expend—say 500*l.* a year—upon additional purchases. To provide for this increase, it is proposed to remove the collections to South Kensington, and to give the shells a gallery to themselves. But there are some things more desirable than unlimited space, and long hours of daily exhibition to the general public. The character of the national collection is chiefly documentary. It is a sort of Natural History Record Office, for the reception and preservation of the very identical specimens first of all figured and described in books. Questions perpetually arise as to what Linnæus, or Bruguière, or Sowerby, intended by such and such a name. It is often impossible to decide from a figure and description, and the ultimate appeal must be to the object itself. Many scientific names have already been allowed to drop out of use, because the original examples of the things signified are lost or destroyed.

The association of the shells with the birds in the British Museum has often been objected to, as we think, without reason. Shells require table-cases; birds show best in wall-cases; the whole gallery (when well lighted) looks bright and attractive. It has been proposed to fill the wall-cases with spirit-bottles instead—pickled oysters, mussels, cockles, whelks, and cuttle-fishes—to show the curious visitor how each shell was originally tenanted. We cannot but regard such a scheme as a complete mistake. Collections in spirit are best underground; there is less loss by evaporation in cool vaults such as they now occupy, and the few who wish to inspect them can do so better there than if they were in more public rooms. A few wall-cases might no doubt be usefully employed for conchological illustrations,

and some table-cases are required for birds' eggs, but the proportion of each will be small.

To return to Mr. Lovell Reeve. The new book on British shells is certainly got up in a style to provoke the jealousy of any author who is not his own publisher. The woodcuts are almost equal to those in Bates. Who can behold the cover without exclaiming, in the words of Oken: "What majesty is there in a creeping snail!" We are reminded of a similar expression in that famous poem, "The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast," which is, perhaps, older than Oken:

With steps most majestic the snail did advance,  
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance;  
But they all laughed so loud that he drew in his head,  
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

At the same time we must censure this particular snail for holding up his tail, instead of allowing it to trail over the primrose leaf like the dress of a fine lady at a flower show. The backgrounds of many of the figures have no relation to the animals represented, and are evidently an after-thought. It would be a great improvement to cut them out—but "No!" we hear the ladies exclaim; "remove those odious slugs if you please, but spare the strawberry blossom!" As to the shells, we confess to preferring the coloured figures, so beautifully engraved by James De C. Sowerby, in old Turton's "Manual." In turning over Mr. Reeve's sumptuous pages, the very excellence of the paper and type makes us conscious of certain small defects which else might pass unnoticed. The author is justly proud of his experience as a *littérateur*, and might have given us better English names than "filthy *Succinea*" for the amber-snail, "*Helix* of the woods" for the banded snail, and "*Besprinkled Helix*" for what children of the Eastern Counties call a *dotman*. The people of Kent call the "*Helix*" a *snag*, while they apply the epithet *snail* to those houseless wanderers the *Limaces*. It is clear they have never been taught the incantation beginning

Snail! snail! come out of your hole!

accompanied by the dropping of water. In Gloucestershire a fossil shell is recognised as a "snail-house" by the quarrymen. Mr. Reeve speaks of the *Succinea* "inclosing itself with a slight *diaphragm*," where *epiphragm* would have been the proper word; and he writes *Lymnæa* and *Bythinia*, instead of *Limnæa* and *Bithynia*, as a scholar should. We have before given him credit, and ourselves derived great satisfaction, from his reticence in the matter of old established names, and therefore we must notice that he is unfortunate in following the Frenchman who turned our little shining *Zua lubrica* into *Z. subcylindrica*, for we have the Linnæan collection in London, and this shell is not the "*subcylindrica*" of Linnæus. Equally objectionable is the use of the name *Zonites* for the *Helicella*, shells that do not belong to Denys Montfort's genus ("De Montford," as Mr. Reeve calls him). Mr. Gray, who first made this mistake, corrected it long ago.

Mr. Reeve tells us that he rests the claim of this work mainly on his exposition of the foreign relations of the British snails. Mr. Gray did the same thing in his edition of Turton; and Edward Forbes (with amusing simplicity) visited the Shetlands and Channel Islands, and then felt himself qualified to write an article on the Geography of Snails for the British Association. But each added largely to the knowledge of the subject, both by individual exertions and by correspondence. Mr. Reeve figures only as a compiler, and does not appear to have discovered very much. We must speak plainly, because he tells us that he has arrived at a different conclusion from either Forbes or Darwin—the exponents of the only two theories which, to our thinking, are possible, and which, for all practical purposes, are alike. From his remarks on the distribution of the *Terebratulæ* we might have thought Mr. Reeve was a believer in the unique origin of species; but he now tells us that his experience "appears to require that we should take for granted the doctrine of a plurality of progenitors for each species, and the term 'specific centre' to indicate merely that point of a geographical province, in which the species are most numerous and come nearest to our notion of an ideal type of the group." Those who believe in the unity of the human species start with a very strong presumption the other way, which will not be weakened by a study of the "geological record." But the proposition on which Mr. Reeve mainly rests his creed, viz., that land species have greater facilities of migration than freshwater species (although, in fact, they do not range so widely), is contrary to the experience and belief of all the zoologists and botanists who have written or spoken on the subject. With his two other "propositions" we cordially agree; so far from being contrary to what Forbes taught, they are but the echo of his words, and the counterpart of statements often repeated since.

We have recorded our conviction, years ago, that many of the land and freshwater shells of Schouw's "Germanic Region" had become diffused by natural agencies into the New World in prehistoric times. Some of them range from Vancouver's Island to the Atlantic States; while two species, which go farthest south (*Helix striatella* and *H. labyrinthica*), are only known as fossils in England. Mr. Reeve also admits that the evidence of the existence of European species in America is unimpeachable, and it is to be regretted that he has not shown this on his map, which is excellent as far as it goes, and is in itself a treatise on geographical distribution.

In parting with Mr. Reeve, once more we must wish him a long life to finish his big book of shells, as well as the lesser one and many others; and may we be here to review them.

## PHILLIMORE v. THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

*History of England during the Reign of George III.* By J. G. PHILLIMORE. London: Virtue Brothers, and Co. Vol. I. pp. xxi.-574.

THIS INSTALMENT of history will be found generally unpalatable; truth usually is; and Mr. Phillimore assures us with much earnestness that his object has been solely to discover and reveal the truth; nor are we disinclined to disbelieve either that he states the fact or that he has been tolerably successful in his search. There may be a large amount of quartz mixed up with his ore, but the gold is there and in considerable quantities. Of course he commences as most writers of partial (in the sense of subdivisional) history. He is like the bather preparing for a tremendous header, he takes a good run before plunging in *medias res*. He has his preliminary gallop through three chapters before he arrives at the starting-place—the accession of George III. Nor does he overlook the opportunity of upsetting divers national idols in his course. He speaks “no treason against Queen Elizabeth,” nor does he fail to express his admiration of the English constitution; but the picture he draws of the English people is less flattering than—we shall not say their due, but—their customary tribute. We are, *judice* Phillimore, “brave, persevering, patient, enterprising,” but we are neither a quick-witted, nor a far-seeing, nor a large-minded people.” Our “genius is neither penetrating nor comprehensive.” We “have no idea of grandeur.”

No people degenerate more rapidly, or require the standard which they should aim at to be more constantly before their eyes. No great nation has ever been so illogical, or—provided they heard certain sounds repeated, and saw certain forms observed—more implicit in their surrender of the reality which those sounds were intended to signify, and those forms to keep alive. That taste has not been allotted to them, the books that have been popular among them since the mob of the reading public has increased—that is, from the death of Pope to the hour when I am writing—and almost every public edifice, monument, or inscription in the land, are a sufficient proof. They sometimes endure genius, but they always encourage mediocrity. They pardon the errors of ordinary men far more easily than the eccentricities into which men of a superior nature are occasionally betrayed. Intellect, when portionless, they condemn. Unless refined by careful education, even in the highest rank, and the softer sex, they are narrow-minded, rough, and trivial—distrusting all that is great, apt to sneer at all that is exalted, detesting all that is extraordinary, and yet, when the example has once been set, rapidly passing from a blind hatred of all that is foreign, to the most servile and indiscriminating imitation. Their extravagance is commonplace, and their very scepticism is taken on trust.

Though generally munificent and constitutionally stubborn, no people has ever surpassed them in the worship of money, by whomsoever acquired, or of rank to whomsoever given. The Statute Book shows too clearly that public spirit is not their characteristic. For in no free country have considerations of private interest so uniformly triumphed over the dearest interests of the commonwealth; such enormous abuses been allowed to continue so long unredressed; or, at last, when reform became inevitable, in spite of the misery they inflicted upon thousands and tens of thousands, touched with a more sparing and timidly parental hand. Accordingly, the virtues the English most appreciate are those of domestic life; the crime they most abhor is direct, informal oppression. To the inequalities and slights of social life—of which all classes among them are prodigal towards those whom, for whatever reason, they consider their inferiors, and which more sensitive races resent as wounds far more cruel than any material suffering—they are indifferent, not from philosophy, but want of perception. Their distinguishing moral defects are selfishness, respect for money, and its twin vice indifference to merit for its own sake. Their great moral qualities are the love of truth, and fortitude; it is in the hour of peril and adversity, when nature's less robust shrink and quail, and abandon themselves to despair, that this noble element of the English being appears in the clearest light, and commands the respect of their most embittered adversaries.

Their chief intellectual defect, to which many of the crimes and most of the disasters which disfigure our history are to be ascribed—and of which the annals of our law, wheresoever recorded, from the first page of the Year Books to the last volume of the Statutes, contain proofs almost incredible—is an inveterate empiricism, a delight in microscopic detail, and a total absence of anything like the power of generalisation.

Their chief intellectual quality—a quality most precious, of which no people stand in greater need, and which has been vouchsafed to none in a larger degree—is that of improving by education. Their courage, less fiery, and more the result of habit and discipline, is steadier, more enduring, and less intractable than that of the French. From the hour when Henry the First appealed to his Saxon bowmen, saying that with their aid he would defy all the chivalry of France, to the hour when eighteen hundred English soldiers stood victors on the heights of Albuera; from the victories of Edward the Third to the battle of Trafalgar; in France, the scene of their earliest glory; in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in the East and in the West, in the Old World and in the New—by land, and still more by sea, the fighting men of England have preserved the foremost rank for deliberate valour and desperate energy among European warriors.

How much of this estimate is true, and how much false, let each man's conscience and experience answer. It may be that the tone of a disappointed ambition appears to be detected in the writer's remarks; and disappointment gives edge, and spleen lends pungency. We may leave philosophers, and statesmen, and politicians, and painters, and sculptors, and whoever else there be upon whom Mr. Phillimore passes sweeping judgment, to gauge the worth of his opinion as regards themselves, but with respect to literature, we may, without presumption, take upon ourselves to say a few words. Our author is pleased to talk of “the mob of the reading public,” and to appeal to the books that are popular amongst them as a proof “that taste has not been allotted to them.” Mob is a hard word, and sounds very much as if an aristocracy of intellect which included Mr. Phillimore would be as arrogant and as unbrotherly as an aristocracy of birth and wealth can be. By “mob,” we suppose, is intended the majority, and the popular books alluded to are, we suppose, the “sensational novels” which have been so much talked about lately. Now, though

it may be true (as we do not positively affirm) that these works show a want of taste, and though it may also be true that their circulation has been a marvel to Mr. Phillimore, and “a joy for ever” to their publishers, it should be proved that their sale exceeded the aggregate sale during the same period of more healthy books, before it can be distinctly said that their popularity is a measure (not to be looked upon with pride) of the national taste. If out of three hundred thousand persons one hundred thousand buy a single unhealthy book, and the remaining two hundred thousand buy two hundred books, each as healthy in tone as the other, though the former fact is startling and the latter unimpressive, it would be an error to condemn the taste of the three hundred thousand upon grounds which applied to but one-third of their number. If it be a sign of bad taste that Thackeray should have his thousands and Dickens his ten thousands of readers; that multitudes should be moved by the strength, and humour, and pathos of George Eliot; that the pen of Charles Kingsley should have power to charm the men and women of all classes; that many another, whom it were tedious to mention, should be welcomed to the homes of high and low, to teach godliness, and manliness, and goodwill towards men; and that Tennyson should wear the Laureate's wreath—then we differ from Mr. Phillimore in his notion of taste. Nor must we omit to hint at the myriads who delight in books of travel or science. But Mr. Phillimore, we gather, objects to “ologies,” more particularly the “ology” which has made Max Müller illustrious. He would have us stick (if we have no tongue but our own) to Shakespeare, and Milton, and Dryden, and Addison, &c., ignoring a universal law of nature which forces the inventive mind into new tracts. He is a scholar and should have recollected what Horace says:

Non si priores Mæonius tenet  
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,  
Cæcæque et Alcæi minaces,  
Stesichorique graves Camenæ;  
Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon,  
Delevit setas; spirat adhuc amor,  
Vivuntque commissi calores  
Æolæ fidibus puellæ.

There may be virtues in every style; but Mr. Phillimore would have everything in the Homeric vein, “for he saith the old is better.” But certain niches in the temple of fame are pre-occupied, and it is no use trying to oust the occupants, or beat them—even dead—with their own weapons:

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,  
Iste ceratis ope Dædalæ  
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus  
Nomina ponto,

says the Roman lyricist. Better leave alone the models which will only serve to make your failure a certainty on comparison, even if the literature of one age were fitted (except in the case of those who enjoy “learned ease”) for another. It is a question whether even a Shakespeare, if he lived in our day, would write five-act plays; and if he did write such as he has written, we have no doubt but that the critic would not see that excellence in them which time and the authority of succeeding generations has stamped upon them. Wordsworth is said to have expressed an opinion to the effect that Shakespeare was very much overrated, and that he could himself, if he had a mind, write equally good dramas; and we are inclined to believe—notwithstanding Charles Lamb's sarcasm, “So you see it was only the mind that was wanting”—that a Shakespeare by any other name would not smell nearly so sweet in the nostrils even of Mr. Phillimore. Moreover, we hope grandeur and solidity are not absolutely necessary adjuncts of taste; we presume a conservatory may be as tasteful as St. Peter's at Rome; and if circumstances call for a conservatory, it were nonsense to build a cathedral. It may be that our literary fabric, having already become as grand and as solid as it need be, is, according to the eternal order of things whereby literature and civilisation go hand in hand, now receiving its airier graces of fanciful ornamentation; and this certainly is our own opinion. This may be the reason why Mr. Phillimore sees fit to sneer at the public taste; he looks for Doric, they give him Corinthian; he calls for roast beef, and they respond with an *entremet*. And the worst of it is that the solid wings which are from time to time added to the edifice are made of scientific material and useful “ologies,” which Mr. Phillimore loudly denounces. But enough of this. Let us turn to his portraiture of the three Georges, whom he puts on his canvas with unsparing brush; their wens and their wrinkles find no palliator in him; it is a question whether he does not add a few blotches. George I. was of “a slow, callous understanding;” hated his son the Prince of Wales with a morbid hatred which seems to have been hereditary in the family; rivalled Charles II. in licentiousness but not in courteousness; and could neither speak nor understand the language of the people whom his concubines and favourites plundered. George II. inherited his father's vices of hating his first-born, and of committing capital felony by the destruction of the paternal will (“est in juvenis, est in equis patrum virtus”); differed from his father in having a tolerable understanding, but resembled him in having a bad heart; was avaricious, and loved women in the coarse manner in which a quadruped may be said to love the opposite sex; had no “idea that any pleasure could be derived from contributing to the happiness of others; was “brave and veracious, but, like most men fond of petty detail, ignorant of all the higher branches of the military art;” was “altogether indifferent to the welfare of England, except as it affected his Electorate's or his own”; was

"always purchasing concubines," yet "always governed by his wife;" was "a gross lover, an unreasonable master, a coarsely unfaithful husband, an unnatural parent, and a selfish man." No one can call this a flattering picture. The grandson of this royal bull, George III., is described at the commencement of his reign as "an ignorant, dishonest, obstinate, narrowminded boy, at that very moment the tool of an adulteress and her paramour;" and the best Mr. Phillimore can say of him is, that had he succeeded in his despotic designs, "men's lives and properties, the honour of their wives and daughters so far as the monarch was concerned, would have been safe. He would have been able at the end of his reign, like the Jewish prophet, to have called on those whom he had ruled to witness whose ox or whose ass he had taken, or whom he had defrauded, and he would have obeyed the law." So that the dishonesty above alluded to does not include kleptomania. To Sir Robert Walpole Mr. Phillimore does ample, and to the elder Pitt not far from ample, justice. Of Henry Fox, Lord Holland (confounded in the index with Charles James Fox), he speaks in unmeasured terms of vituperation; and upon William Murray, Lord Mansfield, he passes a well-deserved eulogy. But of our public men in general he speaks in such terms that we are reminded forcibly of what many Englishmen assert with respect to the public men of America in our day, viz., that they are all corrupt together, and that no one with a character to lose is found amongst them. Not that we believe the assertion altogether in respect of contemporary Americans, but we mention the fact, that readers may be induced to look carefully at home before they indulge in denunciations of their Transatlantic kinsmen, and judge from the past whether we should have shown greater patterns of public virtue (even if we now do) in less than a hundred years from the foundation of our independent Government, had we started with all the advantages and all the disadvantages of the American Republic.

The misrule of Ireland comes in for Mr. Phillimore's castigation, and his indignation is loud and vehement against our Indian perfidy and oppression. This is the most painful part of his book for an Englishman to read; for if the page of Indian history is full on one side of glorious conquest, it is covered on the other with a more closely-written record of infamy and cruelty. The "brightest jewel in the English crown" has its lustre dimmed by the tears of those from whom it was wrung. It may be that Mr. Phillimore has not spared high colouring, but there are facts enough—which cannot be disputed—to prove that England owes to India at least the compensation of future abstinence, future clemency, and future good government. There is a picture now on show in which Her Majesty is represented as sending a Bible to a certain African prince, with the information that that "is the source of England's greatness." If the acquisition of India be considered a part of that greatness, a bayonet and a bullet would have been a more significant present; and the bearers should whisper—only whisper—in his ear the tale of the fraud which was practised on Omichund. Why, it struck even a cunning Oriental with a palsy.

That Mr. Phillimore has written with acrimony and violence is only too apparent in innumerable passages; he protests he is impartial, but one smiles at his protestations; and when we read his outbursts against bigotry and its sister-faults, we are reminded of Gracchus complaining of sedition. His volume is, nevertheless, well worth reading, from the evident diligence with which it has been prepared, and the vigorous style which he has adopted.

#### MR. CROWE'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

*The History of France.* By EYRE EVANS CROWE. 5 vols. Vol. III. London: Longmans. pp. 705.

THE NEW INSTALMENT of Mr. Crowe's history begins with the accession of Francis II., in 1559, and the events are brought forward to the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, the period when the power of France and the glory of Louis XIV. attained their zenith. As in the former two volumes, the narrative is brilliant throughout, and persons and events are described with singular impartiality and a breadth of judgment not often found among modern historians. What raises Mr. Crowe so high in philosophical and critical altitude is his thorough conviction, expressed on every page, that things are more powerful than men, and circumstances mightier than individuals. The Carlylese notion that but a few mortals are the elect of Providence, and all the rest of mankind mere dross, to be moulded into some artistic shape by the hand of the heaven-born Hero, finds no favour with him, and is condemned not only, but shown to be untrue. Mr. Crowe holds that the paramount cause of that succession of events which we call history, is the aggregate will, creed, and purpose of the minds of all men, operated upon by higher and to us invisible influences. "I question," he truly remarks, "the omnipotence attributed to the human intellect, and the importance assigned to individual idiosyncrasy. Time is an ocean on which we float with much power over our course, but with little over the elements by and amongst which we are borne along."

The period embraced in Mr. Crowe's third volume, forms one of the most stirring portions of French history anterior to the Revolution. The reformed faith was struggling to make its way into France, backed by a small host of valiant and learned men, but opposed by the whole power of the clergy and nobility, under the guidance of unscrupulous and warlike princes of the reigning family. Royalty

itself almost stood aloof, for, while the battle was raging fiercest, the sceptre was held by feeble and vacillating hands. Francis II. ascended the throne at the age of sixteen, leaving the reins of the government in the hands of his mother, Catherine of Medicis, and of the Cardinal of Lorraine—the French Wolsey. Catherine of Medicis had personally no antipathy to the new faith, but her excessive ambition prevented her taking any other than the strongest side. The picture drawn of her by Mr. Crowe is by no means lovely. With an olive complexion, an aquiline nose, large prominent eyes, and projecting lips, she had, after her son's accession, being then about forty years of age, grown fat and unworldly, which she increased by excesses of the table. Her court became the centre of intrigue, into the vortex of which many of the leading men of the nation were drawn by the attractions which it offered. Catherine patronised music and the drama to a vast extent, and surrounded herself continually by a bevy of the most beautiful maids of honour, whose charms she did not scruple to make use of for the benefit of her own political designs. The Protestants, at the commencement of the reign of Francis, applied to Catherine, who had given them good words in Henry's time, and as they hoped would prove a new Esther; but the wily Princess contented herself to return polite answers to the passionate remonstrances, and secretly set to work with the Cardinal of Lorraine in the extirpation of the hated Huguenot creed. Barbarous executions were the consequence, and while numbers of Protestants were burnt at the stake, the King of Navarre himself, with his brother, the Prince of Condé, had to fly into the province of Guienne to escape death by open or secret murder. But they were entrapped into attending the States-General at Orleans, and placed under arrest. Condé was condemned to immediate execution. The catastrophe which was imminent—as the execution of the sentence upon Condé would have instantly caused civil war—was this time arrested by the sudden death of the King. After seventeen days illness, Francis II. expired on the 5th of December, 1560, and the regal power passed from the husband of Mary Stuart to his next brother, Charles IX., a boy ten years old, and entirely under the guidance of his mother.

For a while Catherine of Medicis succeeded in stemming the torrent of the threatening civil contest, which, however, broke forth with long-retained fury, at the signal of a massacre of Protestants at Vassy, ordered by the Duke of Guise. In less than a month the flames of war spread all over France, in spite of the efforts of the Huguenot chieftains to check the ardour of their own adherents. Coligny himself, the most eminent of all the leaders, was greatly opposed to the insurrection, pointing out "the vanity of popular risings, the inevitable amount of suffering and horror, with the uncertain prospect of the result." This procrastination at once gave a decided advantage to the Catholic or Guise party, who, more active in their measures, took possession of the ground before the struggle commenced. The Huguenots might have very easily taken both the King and the capital, the citizens of Paris having enlisted in great numbers to the new faith; they lost, however, both these opportunities, and had to retire to Rouen. Immediately after the Guises took possession of the King and his mother, removing them from Fontainebleau to the castle of Melun. One-third of France now hoisted the Huguenot standard, and the adherents of Catholicism and Protestantism met in battle array. It was a long and wearisome contest, of which it is well said by a French historian, that "if any one were to relate all that passed at this time in different parts of France; all the taking and retaking of towns; the infinity of great and little combats; the insurrections, the tumults, the massacres—it would take up a great many volumes." Mr. Crowe, with his wonted lucidity of thought and nervousness of style, succeeds in giving a clear narrative of the whole complicate series of events in less than a dozen chapters. One of the chief scenes of this terrible period, the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, is told in the following graphic manner:

It was before daylight on Sunday, the 24th of August, 1572. On hearing the signal, the Duke of Guise, with his brother, the Duke d'Aumale, the bastard of Angoulême, and a chosen band of assassins, proceeded to the hotel of the Admiral Coligny; Cosseins, with a company of the king's guard, had been stationed within it. He opened the doors, and was the first to slay a follower of the Admiral's. Some of the suite barricaded themselves in the inside; but the guard, led by Cosseins, soon forced their way upstairs. The admiral, not doubtful of the fate that awaited him, had already uttered his last prayer with the pastor Merlin. Aware there was no escape for him, he bade his followers save themselves as best they might, whilst he himself opened the door to his assassins. A man called Boème, or the Bohemian, who had been a servant of Guise, was the foremost. Advancing with an *estocq*, he first asked which was the Admiral. Coligny saying that he was, Boème drove the weapon into his body, and then battered his head with it. This was scarcely done when the impatient voice of Guise was heard from below, asking Boème had he finished? Boème replied he had. "Throw me down the body, that we may make sure!" It was done as ordered, and the lifeless body of the victim fell at the feet of Guise. Blood so covered the face as to render it irrecongnisable. Guise stooped down, and wiping it with his handkerchief, exclaimed, "That's he!" then, giving a contemptuous kick to the body, departed to order the despatch of other victims. The house of the Admiral was given up to pillage, his papers alone being brought to the Louvre. The remains, after having been dragged about the streets, were put over a fire to blacken, and then hung by the feet to the gibbet of Montfaucon, where Charles himself, after some days, coming to visit it, declared the odour of a dead enemy sweet.

Those of the Admiral's friends who lodged near the hotel were despatched with an equal ease. The Count de la Rochefoucauld, who had been with the king till a late hour, thought those who burst into his lodging came on some playful errand. Charles was accustomed to have his friends and courtiers flogged, as a joke, after they retired to rest. La Rochefoucauld opened the door to his assassins, who instantly despatched him. Those conspirators who first met Téliigny were unwilling to murder one so beloved, and one who was the chief

cause of the Huguenots trusting Charles. But a follower of the Duke of Anjou shot him. Soubise was killed at the door of the Louvre. There had been some scandalous reports about him, which so incited the curiosity of Catherine and her ladies, that they descended with savage indecency to inspect the body. The Marquis of Reaenel was killed by his cousin Bussy. The murderers generally demanded as a right, and obtained, the places and dignities of their victims. A lady called La Chataigneraye was in hopes of inheriting the family property by the murder of her two brothers, who were Huguenots. One escaped, greatly to her mortification, and notwithstanding her having betrayed his escape and lurking places to the assassins. Youth was no claim to mercy. The Marquis of Conty, a boy, was butchered in the arms of his tutor, M. de Brion, who tried to save him. One of the horrors of the massacre was, indeed, not only the cruelty of adults to infants, but the barbarities that children were taught and allowed to practice on each other. A Huguenot baby in a cradle was dragged through the streets by orthodox boys of ten, and finally strangled, whilst smiling at its precocious assassins, who flung it into the river. Caumont, Marquis de la Force, was sleeping in a room with his two sons, when surprised and slain with one of them. The other contrived to feign death, and lie hidden beneath the bodies of his father and brother, till saved by one more humane than his companions amongst the band of murderers.

The reign of the weak and utterly contemptible Henry III. is sketched by Mr. Crowe with a masterly hand; but better still is the life of Henry IV., or Henry the Great, as his most enthusiastic admirers call him. Mr. Crowe thinks that the latter epithet cannot be applied to him, and all thinking and impartial students of French history will quite agree with the author. Henry undoubtedly was noble, generous, and brave, a paragon almost of chivalric honour, yet for all that he was not a great king. His high birth and endless vicissitudes, with his alternate rearing at one time with a pious mother, at another in the vortex of a dissolute court, had left him at bottom an Epicurean, whose chief aim was pleasure and the gratification of the senses. All his higher aspirations and an almost instinctive aim at loftier duties were subordinated to the former; and even as king his clearest purpose was to become a triumphant monarch, his political knowledge not being extended enough to permit him to be the legislator as well as the conqueror of his people. The evils which had met his eye and marred his hopes for years were those of anarchy, the turbulence and disobedience of his subjects, and to him, therefore, the restoration of government authority became the end-object of kingship. Henry IV., indeed, became the great restorer and establisher of the monarchic principle in France, laying the foundation of that iron rule of centralisation afterwards perfected by Louis XIV., and the autocrats of the revolution, and which has been the greatest enemy of political progress of the nation up to this moment. Henry IV., with all his clearness of vision, did not see that the principle of absolute monarchy is the rudest form of government, that which offers itself when all other fairer and freer have failed, and which hence prevails only in the first and in the last stages of national civilisation, ushering in its birth, or heralding its decline. It is the *regimen* of social childhood, or political decrepitude, and certainly the greatest curse that can befall a nation in the age of still increasing force and not fully developed manhood. Henry IV. was far from being a despot, yet his rule nevertheless tended more than almost any other to increase despotism in France.

The horrors of the civil war, even after Henry's accession to the throne, are vividly depicted in the following passage, descriptive of the siege of Paris by the royal troops, under the personal command of the King:

The month of June, brought great increase of suffering. Wheat bread was not to be had at any price. Oaten flour at first supplied its place; and Mendoza, the Spanish envoy, began to distribute bread made of an admixture of refuse, of which ground bones were said to be one of the components. This was called Madame de Montpensier's bread, from the energy with which she recommended it. In the midst of the distress, the democrats of the Sixteen found reason to suspect that the clergy and the convents had secret stores of provisions for their own use. They instituted a search, found their suspicion true, and compelled them to feed the people for a time. But even this resource was soon exhausted; and, as they entered upon the month of July, the Parisians were obliged to feed upon the flesh of every kind of animal—horses and mules, cats and dogs, and even more heathen food. A child was no longer safe in the streets, even if lured there by hunger, for there were beings who hunted children to devour them. Such children as had died of hunger were salted by their mothers and eaten. In the midst of all this, not a word of surrender. The Terrorists, who contrived to keep up their own strength and spirits, stifled every such cry. Some of the inhabitants ventured outside the walls to gather herbs, and braved for even such aliment, the swords of the besiegers. They were driven back immediately. The Huguenots declared it was a judgment of heaven upon Paris for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Henry was more humane. A crowd of hunger-stricken citizens having found or forced their way to his quarters, so moved him with compassion, that he allowed three thousand starving inhabitants to withdraw from the beleaguered city.

Mr. Crowe does not give his authority for the statement that children who had died of hunger "were salted by their mothers and eaten." On the face of it, it is too horrible to believe.

The reign of Louis XIII., the administration of Richelieu, and the accession, rise, and culmination of the power of Louis XIV., fill the second half of Mr. Crowe's volume. The events of this important period are described with admirable clearness, and the objects and views of the leading persons reflected upon with statesmanlike judgment. During the first years of the personal administration of Louis XIV., the policy and conduct of the French Government, as is well shown by the author, were directed by the habits and traditions which Richelieu and Mazarin had left. Every question was cautiously considered, every means discussed, and neither personal considerations nor political passion, were allowed to interfere with the great aim of aggrandising France and extending its influence over Europe. As years advanced, and, with them, not only the power of Louis, but his

own exaggerated idea of his personal importance, the momentary impulse and passions of the monarch came more and more to predominate, and the wisdom of older statesmen to be less listened to. It thus happened that Louis XIV. committed the immense political blunder of making war upon the Dutch, the natural allies of France in her combat of centuries against the power of the House of Austria. It was mere personal animosity on the part of the King from the commencement, but proved fatal in the end to his victorious career and the ascendancy which French councils held in the cabinets of Europe. The failure to subjugate Holland, and the necessity of coming to terms with it, were the first great check to the King's ambition; and although the latter continued to augment, as did his military efforts in the same proportion, all his endeavours were powerless to achieve more than hold his own; and even to do this required an exhaustion of resources and destruction of the vitality of the monarchy, if not of the country, which brought on premature decrepitude. The remaining part of the annals of France, up to the present time, Mr. Crowe concludes "is but the history of her decline." This, then, must be the descriptive title of the last two volumes which we have to expect of "The History of France."

#### A FAMILY OF HUMANISTS.

*Curiosités de l'Etymologie Française.* Par CHARLES NISARD. Paris: Hachette. pp. 392.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF A COUNTRY does not always exactly indicate its moral and intellectual condition. Hence the fallacy and the folly of the judgments at present pronounced on France. In a late number of a monthly periodical it is gravely asserted that no one in France now reads the great French writers, whether these belong to the present or to a past generation; and that the mind, the heart, the conscience of France, have all perished in the vast and loathsome swamp of imperialist corruption and frivolity. This is more than a gross exaggeration—it is a monstrous untruth. There are hours when even those who love France most must view it as a land accursed, a land incurably polluted, a land doomed to inevitable destruction. But though virtue, in the limited, Puritanic sense, is never likely to flourish on the French soil, it place is supplied by valour; and by the side of valour darts and gleams that nimble, elastic, ingenious, inexhaustible quality—*esprit*, which is so intensely French that no approach to an equivalent can be found for it in any language out of France, the kindred Romanic languages not excepted. In addition, the French, if deficient in purity, are remarkable for probity, and are, besides, as hard toilers as they are brilliant fighters. Let us hope, then, that valour, *esprit*, probity, laboriousness, will always suffice to regenerate a people, often offensive from morbid vanity, from boundless licentiousness; often dangerous from turbulent, ambitious temper, but without whom the world would be much duller, more stagnant and monotonous than it is. Nevertheless, imperialism, morally and intellectually is a deadly evil for France. Vile, both in its origin and manifestations, the Empire is moreover essentially vulgar. This is its ugliest characteristic. A surprise, a swindle, and a burglary, the Empire has for bulwarks the barrack and the stock exchange. It has dethroned the ancient French grace, strangled the ancient French gaiety, surrounded an adventurer with adventurers; introduced the manners of prætorians because the government has to trust exclusively to prætorians for its support. Vice has often reigned in France before, vulgarity never. Under the last of the Valois wickedness ran riot; under Louis XIV. it was decorous but deep; during the Regency, and under Louis XV., it was bold and bluish. But the taint of vulgarity was not added to the taint of guilt. In the second Empire, however, it is the taint of vulgarity more than the taint of guilt which assails our nostrils. The Emperor is vulgar, the Empress is vulgar; and in vulgarity the court and the camp rival each other. It would not be easy for the Emperor or any of his followers to swear as the most gallant of French kings was in the habit of swearing—by the faith of a gentleman. Now, from the intimate connection between manners and morals—a connection which the Latin and French languages indicate more clearly than our own: the one by *mores*, the other by *mœurs*—vulgarity cannot make colossal inroads without being fatal to those social amenities which, without being primordial virtues, serve as cement thereto, and equally fatal to literature. Too much has been said of the tyranny, not enough of the canteen coarseness, of Napoleonism which a prodigality of crinoline—yes, crinoline—the solitary invention of the second Empire, vainly attempts to conceal. The hirelings of Louis Napoleon have vituperated the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's inglorious sway as moulded by hucksters, rhetoricians, and doctrinaires. But, what if the second Empire should be known as the canteen and crinoline epoch? Louis Napoleon is engaged on a life of Julius Cæsar, though a life of Catiline would be the fitter employment for his pen. This life of Cæsar will, perhaps, be an exposition of the canteen and crinoline ideas—a vindication of the canteen and crinoline dynasty. In any case, it will perhaps be the only serious literary effort the offspring of the second Empire.

Of a truth imperialism, though warring with social taste and refinement, though checking literary fruitfulness, though degrading the literary standard, has, whatever its permanent influence on morality, done service to literature without intending it. When the present is dark, the divinest souls in a nation turn to the past for consolation, and to the future with hope. In flat contradiction to the flippant

mortal who, on the strength of a week or a fortnight spent in Paris, is so oracular, so omniscient in regard to French things, we maintain that the great French authors were never so profoundly, so generally studied in France as at the present moment. With the press snuzzled, and with free utterance allowed to none but imperialist pamphleteers, France, in order to forget the humiliation, enthusiastically revives its sublimest intellectual memories. Popular editions are multiplied of France's foremost writers. For whom are those popular editions intended? Is it for a class that does not exist? Then must publishers be more egregious fools in France than anywhere else. But it would be about as fair to say that Shakespeare is not read because "Our American Cousin," in which Lord Dundreary figures, attracts the mob, as to aver that Molière has sunk into oblivion because imperialist fops have no ear except for the jargon of imperialist publicists, no eye except for the tricks of imperialist buffoons. There are four kinds of readers in every civilised country—those who read for amusement; those who read for information; those who read for instruction, and those who read as solid students, that they may themselves be the authors of books. They who read for amusement are much more numerous in France than they were; but it would not be just to conclude therefrom that they who read for information, for instruction, or as scholars are fewer. Science, both pure and applied, keeps its ground in France; and if philosophy has somewhat declined it has been through the operation of forces from which German philosophy has equally suffered. We must not ascribe to imperialism alone that for which industrialism and materialism are in a higher degree responsible. Nor should France be condemned for yielding to temptations whereby England has been ensnared to a more tragical extent. It is not for Englishmen to condemn Frenchmen for sacrificing to the idolatry of comfort so much that is godlike.

It is false, then, to declare that France is growing indifferent toward its most illustrious literary men, or that the productions of genius are ceasing to be in France household treasures. But what is unspeakably deplorable is, that imperialism has been able to silence so many of France's gifted sons. Men like Michelet and Vacherot, and Quinet and Renan, remain faithful to their convictions and to their order. Others, however, cannot resist temptation, whether the bribe be gold or merely a gewgaw which could have value in the eyes of no one but a Frenchman.

In the fierce July days of 1830, which cost the elder Bourbons their throne, four brothers, called Nisard, natives of Châtillon-sur-Seine, in Burgundy, fought, musket in hand, on the side of the people in Paris. An uncle, likewise a champion of the people, was killed during the conflict. Let us see what the career of three of those brothers, all with hot republican sympathies, has been.

Augustus Nisard, born in 1803, devoted himself to the study of the ancient languages. Besides original compositions, he is the translator of numerous works from Latin. The Second Empire has heaped honours and lucrative offices on him. He is Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Désiré Nisard, the most eminent of the brothers, was born on the 20th of March, 1806. The ancient languages had the same fascination for him as for Augustus Nisard, and he had from youth the reputation of a brilliant scholar. In 1828 he took part in editing the *Journal des Débats*, and offered to the Government of Charles X. the most determined opposition. In 1831 he associated himself with Armand Carrel in the management of the *National*, the organ of those moderate and purely political republicans who shunned all contact with the Socialists. Nisard's literary sympathies and antipathies also accorded with those of Armand Carrel. It is singular, but nevertheless true, that, since the outbreak of the first Revolution, the literary innovators have been political conservatives; and that the literary conservatives have been political innovators. Chateaubriand, the founder of, and Lamartine and Victor Hugo, the apostles of Romanticism, were originally royalists; while Armand Carrel and his brethren, the more they contended for political transformation, the more they were the strenuous, almost fanatical, defenders of classical models, of literary traditions. The romantic school has had in Nisard its most formidable foe; and, though he has been an odious political renegade, he has never flagged in his zeal for what he regards as the healthy and the orthodox in literature. His manifesto against what he called "Facile Literature" was overwhelming. Nisard's pleading in favour of ideal beauty in literary art entitles him to the immortal gratitude of his countrymen. But Nisard is not exactly the man to accept the renown which posterity can bestow as a sufficing reward: he began betimes to hunger for the flesh-pots. As early as 1835—thus a short time before Armand Carrel's death—Guizot provided for Nisard an office, which was so far valuable in his eyes that it was the promise of something better. Promotion and pelf duly followed. In 1842 Nisard was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, but he neither teased nor troubled the Government by an indiscreet or inopportune patriotism. After the February Revolution Nisard did not sell himself all at once to Louis Napoleon—saviour of society and coloniser of French Guiana. He coquetted, that he might increase the price of a flagrant apostasy. False to the Republicans, he had now to be false to the Orleanists. He justified his treachery by the cant common in such cases, that, after all, a man must live. One recompense rapidly followed another; and we believe that Nisard is at present Director of the Normal School. In the spring of 1851 he was admitted to the French Academy; in June 1856 named Commander of the Legion of

Honour. He had succeeded Villemain in the Chair of Eloquence at the Faculty of Letters. The professor would have been liked, but the turncoat was hated. The lectures which Nisard was delivering in 1855 were disturbed by a riot which assumed, before the Tribunal, immense and fulminating proportions. Doubtless, if the Second Empire fall, Nisard will not be an obstructive to the quiet march of the new Government, but give it his disinterested support. Nisard's erudition is sound; as a writer he is powerful, though, perhaps, rather heavy. Of his works, which travel over a huge variety of subjects, the most notable are his "Studies on the Later Latin Poets," and his "History of French Literature." He has edited a Collection of the Latin Authors, with the translations in French. His articles on Armand Carrel are, in every respect, admirable. Pity that he has not displayed the persistent valour of that great man.

We now come to Charles Nisard, the date of whose birth is the 10th of January, 1808. Charles spent some part of his youth in a mercantile employment; but, on laying aside commerce for French and Latin literature, he does not seem to have exorcised from his bosom the commercial spirit. In Louis Philippe he found a patron; in Louis Napoleon he has met another. Sausages, and other savoury meats of the same kind, are sometimes tied or adorned with ribands. Charles Nisard has his sausage—fixed appointments yielding hard cash; and he has his riband, too—he is Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. It is odd that in France, whenever a man does dishonourable deeds, it is the Legion of Honour which opens its arms to receive him. The contributions of Charles Nisard to periodicals have been frequent and of conspicuous merit. In the "Latin Classics" of his brother he has translated Justin, Martial, Valerius Flaccus, and portions of Ovid, Cicero, and Livy. He is the author, among other books, of "The Literary Triumvirate in the Sixteenth Century," namely, Justus Lipsius, Joseph Scaliger, and Isaac Casaubon; of "The History of Popular Books from the Fifteenth Century down to our own Days;" and of "The Gladiators of the Republic of Letters." We are indebted to him, likewise, for memoirs of Huet, Bishop of Avranches, and of the Jesuit Garasse.

That Charles Nisard knows Latin well, we may presume from his venturing to translate so many Latin works. But, except French, it is the only language with which he is acquainted, if we may judge from the present work. The volume is entertaining enough it must be granted; but, in etymological researches, we demand something more than entertainment; we demand the thoroughest scholarship, the richest suggestiveness. These, we grieve to say, we miss in Charles Nisard's pages. The most interesting part is that which draws illustrations from the provincial dialects of France, especially from the patois of the author's native Burgundy. But a patois is often deceptive. So far from being purer and more original than the language in current use among educated persons it may be simply a corruption. For instance, the chief peculiarity of the Devonshire dialect is using the objective for the nominative, and the nominative for the objective. The Devonshire dialect, therefore, marked mainly by grammatical inaccuracies, must be of slender benefit to the English etymologist. Here, then, is a delicate point for the philosophical inquirer to distinguish—whether, in reference to particular words and locutions, the provincial dialect has borrowed from the civilised language, or the civilised language from the provincial dialect. The Gauls were a nation of Celts, and having been conquered by the Franks, after their subjection to the Romans, three elements have entered into the French language: there is a Latin substance, with a Celtic embroidery and a German tincture. But the Celts, having more than once invaded Italy, and having had permanent settlements there, may, at a remote period, have influenced the Latin language. Then the question arises, whether Latin and Celtic cannot be traced to a common Oriental source. Are we obliged to accept the theory, that all languages, however varied, have the same root? May there not be hundreds of independent races, hundreds of independent languages? Are we always, when perplexed, to call in the aid of Sanskrit? It would be extreme presumption on our part to enter into debate with the grandest masters of comparative grammar, but they seem to us to have substituted scholastic for natural analogy. Admitting that their erudition is a hundredfold superior to our own, we contend that natural analogy may be a hundredfold more fruitful in our hands than scholastic analogy is in theirs. Indeed, in all pursuits we find natural analogy to be our most trustworthy guide, and we are never led astray except when we allow scholastic analogy to take its place. It is neither natural analogy which inspires Charles Nisard, nor scholastic analogy which leads him. His volume contains, which it professes to contain, Curiosities of French Etymology, with the explanation of some proverbs and popular sayings. But if we do not exact from him a knowledge of the Oriental languages, and of the Celtic dialects, we have a right to insist on an acquaintance with German and English which he professes to quote, but of which he displays the most ludicrous ignorance. He says that the inhabitants of that part of Burgundy where his family lived have mingled with their French or patois a number of German words. This comes from the troops who swarmed over France after the battle of Waterloo. But in giving examples he contrives horribly to disfigure the German words. He informs us that the English say indifferently *sing* and *song* to signify *chant* and *chanson*. We must confess that we never heard of a *sing*. When, however, Charles Nisard leaves erudition, real or pretended, aside, and simply offers us what he has

gathered in the course of his experience or his reading, he is a charming companion, all the more that he appears to be intimate with the oldest French writers and has much genuine humour. The best book probably for those to consult who wish to make a serious study of the subject, is Littré's Etymological Dictionary of the French Language. But in a region where Charles Nisard has had not a few precursors, such as the ingenious Francis Génin, he certainly does not occupy an inferior rank. The worth of books like the present does not depend on their erudition. They are pictures of a nation's manners when these are seen through archaisms, *argot* or slang, and patois or provincial dialects. There is a pictorial geniality in the book, unaffected by its blunders and its sciolism, and here and there are Rabelaisian touches thoroughly effective without being too broad. Voltaire is one strongly marked French type; Rabelais is another, and we tire of the former much sooner than of the latter, repulsive as the bestiality of Rabelais may be, because there is in Rabelais, behind all the filth, a large and noble humanity. Let then Charles Nisard's Rabelaisianism redeem the defects of his volume.

#### THOUGHTS ABOUT ART.

*A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of "The Isles of Loch Awe." 2 vols. Cambridge and London: Macmillan and Co.

IN THESE DAYS OF PROSAIC MONEY-MAKING EXISTENCE, few opportunities occur of breaking away from the trammels of an every day conventional routine; but now and then some bold spirit duly provided with all requisite necessities from an outfitting warehouse, proceeds to pitch his tent among Arabs by the walls of Jerusalem, or on the borders of the Dead Sea. There he endeavours to realise the happiness felt by the author of "Eothen," on finding himself far from the haunts of "utter respectability." In the book before us, however, this species of nomadic life (with a very different and more definite proposed aim and object) would seem to have been practised to the considerable satisfaction, at least of the writer. Mr. Hamerton has contrived in writing this description of his expedition, undertaken in search of the picturesque, to give us a narrative with a charm of freshness and originality about it—a sketching tour in the Highlands of Scotland. His own intense enjoyment of difficulties to be overcome, and disagreeables encountered, with the pride of an adventurous spirit, compels the sympathy of the reader in his struggles with impertinent tourists, officious friends, unruly horses, and an untrained servant, whom he designates Thursday, in honour of his Crusoe-like life on lake and mountain. The writer has views which he elaborately explains and maintains, dwelling especially on the absolute necessity of pursuing his studies from nature, which he seems to prefer rather when rain and snow lend a charm of their own to the prospect before him. And finding the impracticability of pursuing such studies of composition and detail as may please his fancy without protection from the elements, he carries hither and thither the means of crossing rivers and lakes, in the shape of a double-barrelled boat, and a tent of his own construction, to pitch at the desired point, and in which he smokes, sleeps, cooks, and paints; in the two former occupations always succeeding to his own satisfaction, with an unequal success in his daily efforts touching the two latter. His first volume, entitled "The Camp," gives us an amusing account of all these matters, and a series of descriptions from his memoranda of effects of colour and sunlight on foreground and distant mountain, reminding one, in the force of the language and power of description, of the word-paintings of Charlotte Brontë. In the second volume, called "Thoughts about Art," are chapters on Art Criticism, which one would expect to draw down on his head the thunder of more than one of the pens of our art-critics, and, for making such a statement as the following, possibly a bolt or two from the artists themselves, "I am afraid the majority of artists cannot spell, and would be puzzled to write grammatically." Nevertheless a statement here and there in this same chapter, entitled "That Certain Artists should Write on Art," seems to us true and much to the point. It is no use to reply that pictures ought to speak for themselves, universal experience proves that pictures only speak to persons advanced in art culture, just as books can only reach people who have learnt to read. Books on art are a concession to the general incapacity to see. If people could see, artists could reach them directly without the intervention of painters and writers. At present we enjoy nature much in this fashion. Mr. Turner perceives that a mist is beautiful, and paints it; but nobody understands the mist in the picture because it looks so odd and indistinct. Then comes Mr. Ruskin to tell the folks, this time in plain English, not in paint, and in large legible type, that Turner meant to paint mist, because mist in nature was to him something charming and delightful. After all this has been stated in point, we go the Turner Gallery, and perceive that it was indeed mist that Turner meant; then we go to the natural mist to see whether the Turnerian account of it is true.

In a previous chapter, on printing from nature, Mr. Hamerton explains his views regarding the interpretation of these words in clear, forcible language, with many a just hit at the painters of the classical school, who work, if not literally with a small black mirror, called, save the mark, a *Claude* glass, at least with so literally jaundiced an eye, that to them a fine effect of nature is unreal, because not true to *Claude*, and to *Claude's* pictures as we see them now, when the

exaggerated golden light of some of his loveliest compositions may in some degree be attributed to the effects of time on the varnishes he uses, as much, probably, in proportion to the length of years, as where in Titian's "Bella," and Titian's "Flora," we find whites yellow, and pearl-grey flesh tints darkened and browned with age. Yet artists strive occasionally to see nature, not as these great masters saw it, and endeavoured to render it, but as their works now represent it to our eyes.

Further on the author breaks a lance against those painfully painstaking seekers after perfect accuracy—the imitative painters—and doubts the possibility of the completion in capricious climates such as that of the Highlands and other mountain localities, of an entire picture from nature. The absolutely necessary means for the perfecting of a studied painting from nature are, one of Mr. Edgington's waterproof tents and an inexhaustible stock of patience.

After a spirited chapter on "The Painter in relation to Society," and another on "Picture-buying—Wise and Foolish," we come to the relation between photography and painting. This should be one of the most interesting in the whole book in these days, when no drawing-room is without its stereoscope and slide, and more than one album of *cartes des visite*; while, probably, if people have travelled at all, or take interest in classic ground, views of many lands hang round their rooms, or lie hidden in cherished portfolios. But Mr. Hamerton is somewhat severe on the incapacity of Dame Nature's rendering of her fairest self, and is almost justified when, in treating of instantaneous effects on sea and land, and allowing the miraculous correctness and truth of sunshine and sparkling wave, he complains of the tame brown silhouette which must represent foreground and animal life, if an attempt be made to include them in the picture. But he hardly allows sufficient importance to this handmaiden of art in acknowledging that it inimitably reproduces "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault;" nor when he states that it cannot give one picture, but many memoranda. People remembering views in the Holy Land, canal scenes in Venice, and ruins in Rome, which, precisely as pictures, have captivated their heart and soul, may think his praise of photography from nature too faint and limited. He says most truly, however, that "photography and painting" are for ever independent of each other, and that there is no manner of rivalry possibly between them—each has its own path. Also that one of its estimable services rendered to art has been "by reproducing works of real art in an authentic and reliable manner."

The next chapter on "Word and Colour Painting," is a most fascinating one, owing a great charm, perhaps, to the quotations from Tennyson of the chief landscape portraiture in his various poems. We think, however, Mr. Hamerton hardly does justice here to Keats, from whom he might have quoted many a description equalling in beauty and power of bringing a picture vividly before the eye of imagination even those of the author of the "Idylls." We confess to most entirely sharing in Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of Keats, and think Mr. Hamerton might have found many a suitable verse to quote in "St. Agnes' Eve," and the ode to the Nightingale. In a work addressed more particularly to a special class of readers, it is no small praise to be able to declare it, with all its technicalities and theories, far from tedious or wearisome. A certain earnest freshness in treating of matters so often discussed that one can scarcely expect much that is novel, carries one on through two thick volumes. Probably, Mr. Hamerton is more a word artist than a colour artist, but at all events, his words are welcome and most readable, and have nothing of the cut and dry style of the conventional art-critic, before whom many of us bow in our modest ignorance, and with an inward dread, if we have a picture to be criticised, of the great "Sir Oracle," whose word may make or mar a future.

#### A NEW NOVEL.

*Snowed Up.* By Mrs. OCTAVIUS FREERE OWEN, Author of "Raised to the Peerage," "Heroines of History," "Heroines of Domestic Life," "Spirit of the Holly," &c., &c. 3 vols. London: T. Cautley Newby.

"SNOWED UP." As we take up the book the title strikes us as very suggestive. Are we going to be introduced to the merry inmates of a country house about Christmas-time, when the snow has fallen so thickly that the hall door is blocked up, and egress is found to be impossible? Or is it on board an ice-bound vessel in some Northern sea, that we are to take part in the hopes and fears of a worn out, weary crew? With the first supposition, all sorts of jovial hospitalities, bright, crackling fires, with pleasant, genial faces crowding round the broad hearths, rise to our mind's eye; the second picture, although a more gloomy, is not a less interesting one, but we hardly can decide which we desire to be painted. The first few pages tell us that we have been wrong in both our guesses, and that the pictures our fancy has drawn must be blotted out. The "Snowed Up" before us takes place in an Alpine Pass, when a party of English travellers are on their way to the sunny South. The party consists of a Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, with a pretty daughter, a satirical barrister, who, of course, falls in love with the pretty daughter, and a genial old maid, who is the teller of the adventures. In what particular spot on the Swiss side of the Alps the party is bound, we are left to conjecture—a mistake on the authoress's part, we think, as the reader is naturally ever trying to fix the locality, and not until the

termination of the third volume, and until the Pass is really crossed, is his mind at rest that the scenes related take place on the Northern or on the Southern side of the Alpine ridge.

The following is a very natural sketch of the fare which is frequently laid before an adventurous party at one of these out-of-the-way Swiss inns, where travellers put up for a night, only too thankful for what they can get; and after hunger is appeased, astonished at the fact of so many eatable dishes having been concocted in such an isolated spot:

In fact, we were resolved to be comfortable. Wraps were removed, a few necessities unpacked, the luggage stowed away in a kind of out-house, and we finally sat down to supper, with Spartan sauce far superior to the best French condiments, and a determination to banish care and discontent.

We found a much better meal than might have been expected, and the people of the house both civil and attentive. If the *potage* were not equal to the celebrated *purée* of the *Maison Dorée*, it was, at all events, less greasy than a similar production we had tasted at Geneva. It must be admitted that though the Swiss are the best confectioners in Europe, their cookery manifestly improves as you approach the oil and wine of Italy. Besides we had good experience of the latter school in the way of frying that peculiarly delicate fish found in the mountain lakes, a rival to English mullet. Eggs that had not sustained a bath of lime-water, or a transit across the channel; cheese resembling Gruyère, but which did not oblige the epicure to converse at arm's length with his listener; butter, never forgetting the mountain strawberry served with a liberal supply of excellent cream; in fact, only one thing was sour at the table, the wine, which so far from imparting a vinegar aspect to the party, proved its true Bacchanalian properties, by the increased mirth it diffused through all. Have I mentioned the whole entertainment? No! I forget, there was a fowl, the patriarch of the poultry yard; Mr. Driscoll declared that the creature died from anguish of mind, at the thought of having nothing on its body, and as travellers owe no favour to the Emperor of Austria, proposed that we should send the bird to that monarch, as the heralds say, "displayed" after the manner of his escutcheon, and as a type of the scantiness of his hospitality.

But our travellers are not left alone to enjoy all these good things by themselves, for the inclement weather has driven in another tourist, "tall and handsome, though somewhat past the middle age, with a fine intellectual forehead, and calm yet scrutinising eyes," who in the sequel turns out to be an English nobleman—a diplomatist well known in the political world. The last comer soon fraternises with those in possession, as even cold distant English people are sometimes forced to fraternise with their fellow-travellers when snowed up in an Alpine village. Before the evening is over a German and a Frenchman join the party, and all fall to telling stories to while away the time. This amusement is continued at intervals for a few days, until the avalanches have been cleared from the road, the path found, and the party thus enabled to cross the Pass. We have a wild poetic legend from the German, a romantic episode from the Frenchman, and a very characteristic narrative from the satirical barrister; the ladies also come in for their share of the story-telling; each tale differs from the other, and there is a variety of style throughout which is especially charming. But the most romantic tale of all is that which falls from the lips of the middle-aged diplomatist—the English nobleman. He relates a page from his own family archives, declaring that it is founded on fact. The heroine is his grandmother—a beauty and an heiress, who cherished the wild, romantic desire to be loved for herself alone, for her own bright eyes, rather than for "les beaux yeux de sa cassette." She is left an orphan at an early age, and just on merging into womanhood she goes to live with her guardian, a grim old soldier, "wifeless and childless," whose estate lies on the border land between England and Scotland. There, and as if only to amuse herself, she accepts the first man who offered himself to her in that wild, inaccessible region. The lover is all that could be desired, but his mistress is not satisfied; she craves for excitement, and declares that the rustiness of the place is killing her. She is sitting one moonlight night at her window, musing on her monotonous life, and panting for excitement, wishing that she had been born a man, "even Charles Edward, the Pretender," with whose name the whole country round was ringing, and whose romantic history had roused her deep interest and compassion, when who but Prince Charlie himself vaulted through the open window and stood at her side. The unfortunate man had been hunted through many miles of difficult country; his pursuers were at fault, and had lost his track; when he saw the light in her window he made for it, and took his chance. It was a lucky chance for once—the lady managed to hide him behind her bed; the soldiers enter, make a rigorous search, they pass their bayonets through the bed's head, and the lady swoons; the soldiers retire, the lady and her faithful maid draw the bed back in the dread fear of finding the Prince a corpse—but no traces of him are to be seen. After a few moments of agonised suspense the mystery is revealed; a panel in the wall had given way, and Charles Edward had retreated into a secret passage, and so had been once more saved from death.

With the beauty of his fair protector the hunted man is now touched, and the lady herself is quite happy, having found what she has so often sighed for—a romantic love. But minutes pass quickly; her former lover's suspicions are aroused by finding a man's glove under his mistress's window, and Charles Edward must pass the moat and gates before daybreak. The key is plotted for and obtained, the Pretender has tendered his thanks and adieus, the mistress and maid are alone planning a restitution of the key to the servant in whose care it has hitherto been consigned, when the melancholy voice of the chivalrous Charles Stuart is heard as he emerges again from the dark passage, and advances towards the lady:

"I have returned; let your woman stand apart a moment, and I will tell you why."

"Oh, madness, ruin!—they are upon your track!"

"Possibly. You have saved me, and I were a recreant knight, did I hesitate to peril that very safety for your happiness. Oh, Catherine—nay, forgive me once only, and then never more the name will pass my lips, save in my prayers—when I parted from you but now, did you not guess there were thoughts in my heart, words on my lips, which you may call rash, nay, deem valueless, and yet which rendered life doubly dear, the prospect of escape still more divinely radiant?"

"Your Highness!"

"Hush! I know what you would urge. You think a few hours' acquaintance, ripened by danger into that of years, permits no thoughts, no dreams so potent. And yet your own countenance just now spoke a language, ah! sweet as the heavenly starlight which but now wooed me forth. You, shielded by another and a happier passion—"

She started.

"How knew you that?" she exclaimed, with an accession of colour and a sharp inflection of voice.

"Thus: lighting my dark path by the aid of your lamp, I came cautiously along, skirting, as it seemed, many chambers in my way, until I reached one where the name of 'Catherine,' pronounced in agony of spirit, yet with the softest accents of tenderness, riveted my feet to the ground. The crevices through which spies have, doubtless, many a time learned unsuspected secrets, that had otherwise remained hidden from human ken, the crevices were wide, though possibly concealed from within. I knew not whom it might be, but veiling the light of my lamp, I glanced within, and saw a young and handsome face convulsed with grief and doubt. Now pacing hurriedly to and fro, now wildly flinging himself into a seat; I watched him at first jealously, then with shame and pity, powerless to stir from the spot, until he grew calmer, and drawing near him paper, though his hand trembled so that he could scarce write, he poured out his soul to yours."

"You saw this? Well?"

"Yes, lady, saw this; and heard from his lips, unobserved, the history of his affection. You love him! He has, with the glowing joy of a miser over his wealth, recapitulated every testimony of your attachment. I stood and heard, and pronounced him worthy even of you! So, he hurried from the chamber and left me free to unmask my light, and guide my steps through the ruinous and forsaken gallery to safety and life. But I stopped; it seemed to me that I had come into the house like a thief, to steal away your confidence one from the other—to sow discord between ye—to set up, it might be, an *ignis fatuus* before the eyes so lately basking in the purest, the most dazzling sunshine."

My grandmother blushed deeply. "And may I inquire why your return should affect me; in what relation it might induce change, or justify reproof?"

Silently he took her hand and pressed it reverently to his lips: "Nay, nay, spare me that tone, I come not to dictate. A mere suppliant, sweetest and brightest creature—I came to ask you to tell him all! Say you will do so, and when this letter comes, confide—"

"It has already come—it is already answered," she replied, coldly. "I have denied your presence; when I did so, I thought you far beyond the walls. It will never be told now, for I will not brook suspicion, nor answer one injurious thought. And now, if you desire to preserve the life I have wasted so many anxieties, so much manœuvre upon—come! this delay is ruining all—I shall accompany you myself."

"Oh, no! never!"

"Hush! follow me! I will not trust you to go alone, some fresh encounter, perhaps; besides, I can bring back the key, we never thought of that. I shall find means to restore it to Ripley without his being the wiser for its abstraction, or at least the cause. Am I to plead to you, Prince? Come!"

She led the way with the dignity of an empress, though her cheek paled at the gloomy appearance of the vault; he followed silently, and Janet, bearing the lamp, and somewhat reassured by the companionship of the two figures in advance, brought up the rear.

We all know the end of the unfortunate Pretender. Five months after that eventful night the bells of a great London church pealed merrily for a wedding; the lady of our story marries her first and faithful lover, and the tale winds up happily, as is the custom for tales to do.

We must confess to a personal objection to a three-volume novel filled with short discursive stories, but we are quite aware that our dislike is not shared by all romance readers. Those who do not agree to our objections will find "Snowed Up" pleasant reading; it is fluently written, and in many parts is very interesting.

#### DOWN THE VALE.

*Yesterday and To-day.* By CYRUS REDDING. London: T. C. Newby. 3 vols. pp. iv.-304, 327, 326.

THESE THREE VOLUMES form a sequel to "Recollections" published by the author about five years ago, and about one-half of their contents was excluded from the preceding work for fear of making it too bulky. They contain prose and poetry, original and selected; letters, anecdotes, and incidents in a life which has been passed for the most part in literary labour, and which has already continued beyond the Psalmist's limits of threescore years and ten. It is impossible, then, that they should fail to be interesting; not, perhaps, as continuous reading, but as matter which can be taken up at any time and dipped into under any circumstances. Nor should a charge of querulousness or vanity be lightly brought, though it may appear, perhaps, to lie against an old man sinking to his last long rest, with the shadow of neglect, as he thinks, preceding him, and rendering still more dark and still more dreary the gloomy descent to cold obstruction. For there is such a thing as neglect of merit, though the ear may be dulled by frequent repetition; there is such a thing as independence of spirit, though its cry may be drowned amidst the roar of sycophants, and it is possible that Mr. Redding may have suffered from both. At any rate, he thinks he has; and it is far too plain that, however that may be, he has reaped but a scanty harvest from all his long toil. His own words are: "I find myself in my age no better off in worldly circumstances than when, in 1814, I left Plymouth, though I am the oldest continued literary workman in

England, and over the largest scope of action." Let us trace the literary career of this veteran, whose experience is so encouraging to the young recruit. He was first introduced to the public in type in 1801, as the author of an epitaph upon Sir Ralph Abercromby; then came "translations from Ovid, and similar pieces, between 1801 and 1804." About 1806 he made his first acquaintance with newspapers and political martyrdom. "The year 1814," he says, "found me in London working at a 'Dramatic Review,' publishing articles in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Examiner*, and learning German. All this was given up for a projected work on Ireland, in consequence of Wakefield's volumes not being satisfactory. It was to have been on a large scale. . . . In 1820 I commenced writing in the *New Monthly Magazine*, at the same time as the late Judge Talfourd, but in two months afterwards Campbell was engaged as the editor. I have explained elsewhere the part I had in that work, in which every third volume, part original and part compilation, was mine. Besides this, I found time to correct the proofs of all the work, and write one hundred and seventy-seven articles besides." And so on. In brief, he has, besides writing between forty and fifty volumes of his own, edited more than twice that number. He has "established four newspapers, and edited six, one in France, and written for four others." There are, moreover, "few periodicals which have not had something of his," and he has "published articles," he knows not "how many in encyclopædias and similar works." Yet this busy bee has stored by little honey for his own use; and now, when he appears before the public to say "Valeté," he has not been sufficiently puffed up by success to add "et vos plaudite."

The most interesting part of the present volumes is, to our thinking, that which relates to Lady Morgan and Mr. Colburn, the publisher; but there is a page or so of matter from which we extract as a contrast to another opinion touching Prince Louis Napoleon:

I formed in Staffordshire an acquaintance with the old Radical reformer, Sir Charles Wolesely, of Wolesely Hall, one of the oldest places in the county. I had left Staffordshire about a year, when in 1840 I received a letter from Sir Charles, who had shown me great civility when in the neighbourhood. I must premise that Sir Charles died in 1846. The extract to which I refer was as follows. I thought it so remarkable, falling upon it by accident in 1854, that I sent it to the *Globe* newspaper, with the letter. I copy it as it appeared in that paper:

#### PREDICTION RESPECTING NAPOLEON III.

"The original letter from which the following extract has been made was shown to us," observed the editor. I prefixed, "The following paragraph in a letter I received from Sir Charles Wolesely in 1840 is curious. Sir Charles died in 1846:

"Do you know Louis Napoleon? What is that clever fellow doing? He has got his two uncles in London, Murat's sons, some old French officers, and, if I am not mistaken, has an eye upon France. I'll bet either he or Henri against the Duke of Orleans when Philippe dies. At any rate there will be a tug for it, that is my opinion. When I go to town I shall try to scrape acquaintance with him. He would have frightened the present Government of France had he got possession of Strasburg, and he was within an ace of it. What will your 'friend' Peel do if Wellington goes off the stage? It has been running in my head, too, Philippe is meditating a grand game to embroil the powers in the East; then to pounce on the Rhine, and drive the Prussians to the other side. That would please the war-loving French, and secure France for his family."

Now this is nearer the mark than one in a hundred Sybil disclosures or prophetic warnings, of which we have so many on record. It is clear, and the language does not require to be unravelled to make out the meaning.

Contrast with this the following anecdote from Captain Gronow's new volume: "Towards the close of the year 1848 it was my good fortune, during a residence of some weeks at Brighton, to see a good deal of my old acquaintance, Lord Alvanley. . . . On one occasion I happened to call at his house with my old commanding officer, Arthur Upton, when, in the course of a conversation on France, he asked my opinion on the Revolution, and of Prince Louis Napoleon's chance of being named President of the Republic. Alvanley informed us that he had not very long before passed some days with the Prince at Colonel Dawson Damer's country-seat, and . . . that upon one occasion, in a long political discussion, he had said, among other things, 'it is fated that ere long I shall become Emperor of France, avenge the defeat of Waterloo, and drive the Austrians out of Italy; and the time for this is not far distant.' On the following morning Lord Alvanley related what he had heard to Colonel Damer, who observed, 'Prince Louis is a charming person . . . but on the subject of politics, my dear Alvanley, he is as mad as a hatter.' Colonel Damer's grammar is better than Sir Charles's, but the latter was the better prophet."

#### ARTHUR CLOUGH'S POEMS.

*Poems.* By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. London: Macmillan and Co.

MR. PALGRAVE has prefaced these poems by a short memoir of Mr. Clough. It is a sketch only, and is scarcely more than a preface; still even this adds much to the interest of the volume, and serves as an index to the character of him whose thoughts and impulses are revealed in the poems he has left. There is so much that is interesting in what is told that we cannot help regretting Mr. Palgrave has not given us a somewhat fuller account of Mr. Clough's life. The characteristic mark of his poems, appears to be a longing for a solution of honest doubt, for a rest and peace that was denied to his unsettled state of mind. His purpose, however, was earnest. It is impossible not to be struck with the honesty and nobleness of character which makes itself apparent throughout these poems, and to which his friend in the memoir bears testimony; and which also makes the reader regret the early death which left so much

of promise unfulfilled. Mr. Clough appears to have felt no confidence in his conclusions, or, to speak more correctly, he did not arrive at conclusions; but if he demanded freedom of thought for himself, he allowed equal toleration to others. His poems appear to us full of these thoughts and longings, but he fails in the use of language, he is unable to give expression to these abundant thoughts, and his poetry is generally wanting in artistic execution. Many of the pieces are full of earnest desire to know what is the purpose of life, which desire appears generally to resolve itself into the feeling that the whole purpose will not be developed here, but must wait for the hereafter for its fulfilment. For instance in this poem:

What we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear;  
Ah! did he tell what we are here?  
A mind for thoughts to pass into;  
A heart for loves to travel through;  
Fine senses to detect things near;  
Is this the whole that we are here?

Or is it right and will it do  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say—It doth not yet appear  
What we shall be, what we are here?

Ah, yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive.  
Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are together here.

Many others of the poems tell of a spirit yearning and feeling after something which would satisfy, could it only be comprehended. This state of mind is shown again in a piece entitled "The Questioning Spirit." Our space will not allow of our inserting the whole, but we give the concluding stanza:

By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
And in a silvery whisper heard him say:  
Truly thou know'st not, and thou need'st  
not know;  
Hope only, hope thou, and believe away.  
I also know not, and I need not know;  
Only with questionings pass I to and fro;

Perplexing these that sleep, and in their  
folly  
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melan-  
choly;  
Till that their dreams deserting, they with  
me  
Come all to this true ignorance and these

To give an instance of a lighter kind, and certainly charming verses, we quote the following, written on leaving England for a time:

Green fields of England, wheresoe'er  
Across this wat'ry waste we fare,  
Your image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England everywhere.  
Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
Past where the wave's last confines  
be,

Ere your loved smile I cease to see;  
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.  
Dear home in England, safe and fast  
If but in thee my lot be cast,  
The past shall seem a nothing past  
To thee, dear home, if won at last;  
Dear home in England, won at last.

The poem on which Mr. Clough's reputation rests, and which is excellent of the kind, was the first he printed, entitled "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," a Long Vacation pastoral, written in 1848, descriptive of a reading party of young men from Oxford with a tutor, passing the vacation in the Highlands, in all the joyous hilarity natural to the circumstances, entering into the sports and habits of the people—all this is described with spirit and humour; and, though we do not admire hexameters, yet the metre appears suited for the narrative style of poetry, and is well carried out in the present poem. It is sufficient praise to be able to say of it that, notwithstanding the metre, which is not a favourite with the generality of readers, this piece has always been a favourite. It is difficult to give an idea of the whole from a detached passage, made up as it is of charming variety, but we subjoin a few lines, where the different members of the party are brought upon the scene:

Morn, in yellow and white, came broadening out from the mountains,  
Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn of the dancers,  
Duly in *matutine* bathed before eight, some two of the party,  
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite  
Into a granite basin, the amber torrent descended.  
There two plunges each took Philip and Arthur together,  
Duly in *matutine* bathed, and read, and waited for breakfast;  
Breakfast commencing at nine, lingered lazily on to noonday.  
Tea and coffee were there; a jug of water for Hewson;  
Tea and coffee; and four cold grouse on the sideboard;  
Gayly they talked as they sat, some late and lazy at breakfast,  
Some professing a book, some smoking outside at the window.  
By an angora soft-purring a still sheeny tide to the zenith,  
Hewson and Adam with Arthur had walked, and got home by eleven;  
Hope and the others had stayed, till the round sun lighted them bedward—  
They of the lovely angora, but these of the lovelier women  
Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their partner.

Next comes "Amours de Voyage." The hero, one Claude, who, after being educated at Oxford, goes to Rome. His refined notions are not proof against the attractions of Mary Trevellyn, the daughter of a wealthy man of the middle class; a banker or merchant; and while assuring his friend, to whom he writes, to the contrary, he is really yielding to the lady's charms. Through this poem, as in almost all the others, is a burden of sadness, but indulged in rather in a covert than avowed manner—it tells of the same unsatisfied longing.

Last in the volume are detached stories under one title, that of "Mari Magno." They can boast of no great merit. As Mr. Clough's thoughts far exceed the power of expression and the use of language, so we must look for pleasure in reading this volume rather from those poems which seem to tell of the poetical fancy and feeling he undoubtedly possessed, than from these lighter pieces, which would depend for charm more upon poetic language. On the whole there is much to please and interest in this volume, though there is much that is open to criticism.

*The House of Scindea.* By JOHN HOPE. (Longmans. pp. 108).—A dashing-written sketch of a line of Indian princes, whose treatment by us is not flatteringly illustrative of English government in Hindostan. Mr. Hope writes with some acerbity; but his position gave him an opportunity of knowing more than most persons about the matters of which he treats, and his acerbity is thus accounted for.

## MISS SIEVEKING.

*Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking.* London: Longmans. pp. xxviii. 520.

A FEW YEARS AGO, a *flâneur* in the streets of Hamburg would have noticed, day by day, a woman's figure, moving quickly from spot to spot. The figure was neither tall nor short, but more short than tall; it was clothed in a dress which was scrupulously neat and clean, but with the making of which fashion and elegance had had nothing to do; and in the face of the owner of the figure there was "no beauty that you should desire" it, but a flash of intelligence and a gleam of purpose which told you she was fully convinced that life in this world is more than meat, and the body than raiment. That basket which hangs upon her arm is filled with books for the comfort of the sick, and the arm on which the basket rests belongs to Amelia Sieveking. This name calls up no recollections of womanly triumphs, such as most women count triumphs; we have to tell of no rival suitors for the little hand, no offers of princely hearts and thrones, no jostlings amongst nobles for the pleasure of basking in the light of bright eyes, no conquests in the ball-room, no victories at the court, no wars begun and ended at the will of feminine caprice; in the school-room and the hospital and the workhouse, amongst the ignorant and the sick and the needy, were the home triumphs of Amelia Sieveking.

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou,

are lines especially fitted to describe her whose mission it appears to have been, and whose object it certainly was, to show her sisters that there are more brows wrung with pain and anguish than have ministering angels of their own rank to attend to them, and that even the well-born and the well-bred may, if they choose, find occupation which will leave them no time to be "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Amelia Sieveking, in fact, was the prototype of the Nightingales and other good women who shine brightly out amidst the social darkness of this nineteenth century, and console us with the reflection that if Anonyma is at loose amongst the higher classes, Onesima is busy amongst the lower. It were ungracious and useless to inquire how much a natural lack of personal attractions had to do with determining Miss Sieveking in the course of life which she adopted, and we should not have alluded to the subject but that it is freely dwelt upon in the memoir before us: it is plain, however, that such a deficiency (we speak as the world speaks) removes many of the obstacles which might otherwise impede a woman in a proposed career of Sieveking-like usefulness, and gives them who have it a great advantage, so far as the prosecution of their benevolent plans is concerned, over those who have it not. Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, the teacher, the nurse, the comforter, the author, was born at Hamburg on the 25th of July, 1794, and died on the 1st of April, 1859. Her father was a merchant, prosperous at her birth, but unprosperous in after years, and by two successive grievous blows—loss of his wife and loss of his fortune—brought down with sorrow to the grave. Her great peculiarity was a positive love for that most unthankful of all tasks—teaching, and she was wont to account for this singular inborn propensity by the fact that one of her ancestors had been a Westphalian schoolmaster. But that which principally conduced to make her what she afterwards became was a deep sense of religion, and a conviction that the Creator had made all of us, women as well as men, for active, and not passive lives, for energetic furtherance of God's glory and man's improvement, physical, moral, and mental, and not for sluggish acquiescence in the state of things which we might find around us. How she carried out her plans, how she served her apprenticeship as a nurse at the hospital during the prevalence of cholera, how she founded the Amalienstift, how she enlisted the sympathies of two Queens in her work, and how at last she went, if not full of years, full of honours, to her rest and her reward, must be read in the pages of her biography. That biography was written in German, but has been translated for the benefit of English readers by Miss Winkworth, who is well known as a translator of German, and by an anonymous friend of Miss Winkworth's; and it is the translation which is offered to the public under the auspices of Messrs. Longman.

*The History of Modern Europe, for Schools and Private Students.* By THOMAS BULLOCK. (Manchester: John Heywood. 12mo. pp. 324.)—We have here collected an amount of historical information, accurate in itself and skilfully put together, which it would be difficult to find in any language in equal space. Its fulness, we fear, however, will render it unfit for a school-book. The facts are too numerous, and connected by links too feeble to take strong hold on the memory. Many of the paragraphs are written with earnestness, eloquence, and in liberality of spirit; but the facts and figures are overpowering to all but those of the strongest memory. We accept Mr. Bullock's volume, however, as a handy book of reference. The work is accompanied by a useful "Index," and an intelligible map of Europe. We might suggest to the author, for a next edition, better coloured paper and a more open typography. Pains-taking, however meritorious, is often defeated in its object by the outward appearance which it takes or is made to take.

*The Fairy Book: the Best Popular Fairy Stories Selected and Rendered Anew.* By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 12mo. pp. 368.—To Miss Muloch we say, at once, in the phraseology of criticism, which she deprecates: "that it would have been better if the author had taken more pains."

And why? Because we believe that she enters thoroughly into the spirit of a fairy tale, and that, like ourselves, she likes "Tom Thumb," and "Beauty and the Beast," "Puss in Boots," "Red Riding Hood," &c. Then, what kind of pains should we have liked Miss Muloch to have bestowed upon these fairy tales? Exactly those which we should have given her great credit for, but which the juvenile reading world would have not. A preliminary dissertation on the origin of our fairy tales would have greatly pleased old heads, and of course would have been skipped over by young ones. Then we withdraw, on further reflection, our criticism, and say that the present collection is all we could desire to place into the hands of young folks not very critical and not over credulous. We read "Rumpelstilchen" the other evening to a young Miss and young Master just entering upon their teens. "Well," was their criticism, "it is very pretty; but we know it is not all true." We are not, however, reconciled to the two words of the title-page—"rendered anew," if rendering anew means that a Galligantus in the days of King Arthur knew aught of the flavour of potatoes; and if an ogre in seven-leagued boots out-ran mail-coaches. A few notes in the form of appendix, which old ones would read and young ones vote an impertinence, might have informed us from what sources Miss Muloch has selected her fairy tales. They differ in form in different countries; they differ in form in different parts of the same country. For example, in the tale of the "Juniper Tree," according to North of England versions the bird sang:

"Pipperty, pipperty, pew!  
My mother my neck she drew;  
My sister Jane, she buried my bones,  
My father my flesh he chew—  
What a pretty bird am I!"

Nevertheless, we can recommend the present pretty volume to those who have care of the nursery. They will quiet obstreperous Master Tommy and romping Miss Lavinia. They have been read in other forms by their sires and great grandsires and dames; and we do not know, it has not indeed been place on record, that our venerated ancestors were any the worse for indulging in fairy tales in the days of their youth.

*A Manual of Ophthalmic Surgery.* By Jabez Hogg. (Churchill and Sons. pp. 296.)—This is a practical treatise on the use of the ophthalmoscope in diseases of the eye. The ophthalmoscope, like the stethoscope, has now taken its place as an indispensable instrument in the consulting-room. Till very recently an exact diagnosis of the diseases of the eye was of impossible attainment, even by the most skilful oculist; now by this ingenious instrument light is thrown upon the dark and hitherto invisible background of the retina, so that the progress, extent, and character of the disease may be read off by a competent man almost as easily as most persons read the type of a book. Of course it is not to be imagined that the facility thus obtained implies the cure of all ocular disease, but it places in the hands of medical men that great desideratum, a scientific and exact method whereby a true diagnosis may be attained. We may often ascertain, by the use of the stethoscope, the nature and extent of a pulmonary derangement, and it may so happen that frequently the disease has outgone science, and reached a stage from which no human art can recover the patient; and many persons have, by a misreading of the stethoscope, been sent away despondent to a premature grave. Such evils as these unfortunately accompany every great and useful invention; some such evil may possibly arise at this early stage from the use of the ophthalmoscope, but there can be no doubt but that every accomplished oculist will adopt it as an invaluable aid to him in the pursuit of his arduous branch of medical science, and the public will ultimately be the entire gainers by the new field of research which the ophthalmoscope opens up. All those who are interested in ophthalmoscopic surgery, whether professional or otherwise, will do well to avail themselves of the careful manual that Mr. Jabez Hogg has here drawn up for their use. It forms a complete guide to the practical use of the instrument, and is a repository of the most valuable facts connected with eye-surgery brought down to the most recent instances. Accompanying the text are a series of most expensive and beautifully-coloured illustrations, where the eye may see itself, and grow metaphysical. Hitherto it has been like man's mental eye, totally blind to its own defects; for, as the poet has it,

Nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself.

*The Science of Ship-Building, considered in its Relations to the Laws of Nature.* With numerous Illustrations. By H. BOULEY WILLSON, Esq., of Canada. (Potter. 8vo. pp. 63.)—This small but important work deserves the attention of every practical ship-builder. The author says that, though his paper is on a scientific subject, it is not a "scientific paper." So much the better in many senses. But why not "scientific?" Because the author considers himself deficient in a high mathematical education. Now, with all respect to Colenso, we believe that Noah made a very good ark without any knowledge of the equation of curve-lines, and that many a goodly galley and ship-of-war have been built by those more profound in the dynamics of common sense than in those of Cambridge. Hydrostatics and the resistance of fluids are often better known to the boy who swims his tiny bark in a horse pond than to the senior wrangler great in the calculus. The author has been a great observer, and, as such, is entitled to give the result of his observations. "My taste for ships and ship-building has always led me, when opportunities afforded, to the docks and shipyards of maritime cities, without any fixed purpose, except to give scope to my notions as to how ships ought to be built." Then he has made travels in all sorts of vessels—from a fishing-boat to the *Leviathan*—and his voyages summed up would more than quadruple the circumference of the earth. He infers from all his past experience that he has a right to be a critic. But as a critic he speaks with becoming modesty. If he speaks of dogmatists in ship-building, of those connected with the builders of Her Majesty's navy, who believe that perfection has been attained, he does not dogmatise himself. He lays down certain principles which ought to enter into the consideration of every practical ship-builder in ninety-eight paragraphs, and these are so clearly expressed that no one can mistake his meaning. If he is wrong he may be confuted by a Blackwall or Deptford ship's carpenter, who knows nothing of the high mathematics. If he is right, the sooner his principles are adopted the better. We cannot discuss scientific ques-

tions in our columns to a useful extent; but we would here call upon Mr. Willson to reconsider what he has written in reference to "depth of immersion," or at any rate to explain to himself how it happens that the speed of the *Royal Oak* was greater, with all her guns and ammunition on board, than when lightly draughted, assuming that the power and working of the engines were, in both trials, the same. The grand problem of the day is "the best form of a ship," and a ship is no more to be evolved from first principles than an elephant. Naval architecture is not yet a faultless art; we cannot scan it, as we would a building, after the best models of Greek or Roman architecture. But, in truth, it is easier to build a temple or a palace than a ship, and hence our comparison does not hold good. There are numerous problems connected with ship-building which have still to be solved, and wise men will accept hints from whatever quarter offered. Believing that our author writes clearly and intelligently, we refer his work to the careful consideration of the practical ship-builder.

*Gabrielle Hastings.* By A. S. W. (Hatchard and Co. pp. 327.)—This is a reprint from the *Church of England Magazine*, as we are informed in a commendably short preface. It is nicely written, and will no doubt be a favourite with those who like the "religious" tale, and belong to a certain school of theology.

*The Laureate Wreath.* By JOHN EDMUND READE. (Longmans. pp. vi., 271.)—Mr. Reade here bids the muse farewell; as he cannot reconcile himself to her modern vagaries. His kindliness of nature is easily perceived from his verse; but he is rather more bombastic, rather more obscure, and, occasionally, rather more unrhythmical than a candidate for the "Laureate Wreath" should be.

*The Apostle of the Alps.* (Arthur Hall, and Co. pp. iv., 180.)—This pleasant little story is written by the author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest," and tells what befel Bernard de Menthon when he heard, himself unseen, from the lips of Marguerite de Miolans, to whom he is betrothed, the distinct avowal that she loves him not. However, he had wished to renounce her for the service of God (that is, to become a monk), so that he was not so much shocked as the reader might suppose.

*Thalatta: a Political Romance.* (Parker, Son, and Bourne. 1 vol. pp. vi., 371.)—This sketch, which has the additional, or rather alternative, title of the "Great Commoner," appeared, in substance, some time ago in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Its style is characterised by great vivacity, and from a political aspect it "points to nothing—neither to the ledgerdom of Whig, or Tory, or Radical." The author says, "I have no confidence in measures; I believe in men."

*A History of Feudalism, British and Continental.* By ANDREW BELL. A New Edition, with Examination Questions and Introductory Essay, by CYRUS R. EDMONDS. (Longmans. 8vo.)—Those who have read their histories of England, France, Germany, &c., may revive the recollection of much they have read in referring to the present volume. It is adapted to the class-room, but may take its stand without a blush on the shelves of the best furnished library as a useful book of reference.

*The Wye, from "Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain."* By WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. With Photographic Illustrations by Bedford and Sedgfield. (Alfred W. Bennett. pp. 75.)—One of the most exquisite little books ever seen. The letterpress there is no occasion to eulogise, and the photographs are charming.

*Photographic Illustrations of the Lady of the Lake.* By THOMAS OGLE (Alfred W. Bennett. pp. 24.)—This is a collection of twenty-four photographs in a handsome cover, forming altogether a very gem of an album. More it is unnecessary to say.

*A Dark Night's Work.* By Mrs. GASKELL. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 1 vol. pp. 299.)—All the Year Round has already made this charmingly written story familiar to tens of thousands. The name of Mrs. Gaskell is sufficient voucher for the excellence of its language, and the liveliness of its style. The only faults which can be found with it are that the event from which the title is borrowed does not commend itself to our notions of probability, and that it takes place too early, for a secret too long in possession gives rise to a feeling of weariness.

*The Student's Greek Grammar.* By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. (John Murray. pp. xviii., 368.)—Another of those useful books, for which English students and English schoolmasters are indebted to the laborious Dr. Smith. Certain new technical terms are here introduced which appear less liable to objection than those in general use. But its chief recommendation is that it does not ignore, as too many modern grammars, "the improvements and discoveries of modern philology."

*Pictures of German Life in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.* By GUSTAV FREYTAG. (Chapman and Hall. 2 vols. pp. vii.-331, vii.-306.)—These volumes, translated by Mrs. Malcolm from the German, form a sequel to the former series by the able author, wherein he handled the period of the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War; and the object of the book is to show "how by means of the Hohenzollern State, Germans changed gradually from private to public men; how dramatic power and interest entered into lyrical and individual life; how the burgher class was strengthened by increasing education, and the nobility and peasantry submitted to its influence; finally, how it cast aside the specialities of classes, and began to form characters according to its own needs and points of view."

*Shakespeare's Plays: Abridged for the Use of Girls.* By ROSA BAUGHAN. (T. J. Allman. Book I. pp. vi., 142.)—The chin involuntarily drops at the idea of Shakespeare abridged; and when that abridgment extends to the elimination altogether of the character of *Falstaff* from Henry IV., one's dejection is complete. Still, there is no doubt but that the Swan of Avon is, in some of his moods, as little to be trusted in a girl's school as was the mythic swan in the bower of Leda. We cannot, then, blame a lady, who loves Shakespeare well enough to wish to introduce him to her younger sisters, if she endeavour to make him presentable. This Miss Baughan has accomplished; at what cost we need not say; but we think her thorough weeding preferable to the half-measures to which we have been accustomed. The present volume contains the tragedies and historical plays.

We have also received *The Student's Latin Grammar.* Edited by Dr.

William Smith. (John Murray.)—*Watering Places of England.* By Dr. Lee. (John Churchill.)—*The Poet's Children.* By Mary Howitt. (A. W. Bennett.)—*Modern Italy, a Poem.* By Thomas Swann. (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—*The Book of the Law.* (William Ridgway.)—*The Earl of Dudley, Mr. Lumley, and Her Majesty's Theatre: a Narrative of Facts addressed to the Patrons of the Opera, his Friends, and the Public generally.* By their faithful servant, B. Lumley. (Bosworth and Harrison.)—*Giraldus Cambrensis.* By Thomas Wright. (H. G. Bohn): *Cum multis aliis*, which we would singly enumerate were time and space propitious.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

*The Cornhill Magazine* still makes us regret in "Romola" that the author has wandered out of the tracks in which she shines so brightly; still entertains and charms us in the "Small House at Allington;" and still renders us desirous of its continued success. It is so novel a thing to find Nero defended (though, to be sure, this is the age for white-washing everybody), that we shall take the liberty of appropriating the following extract:

Let us now turn our eyes upon Rome in flames. That Britannicus died suddenly, is a fact; that he was poisoned, we have scientific reasons for disbelieving; that Nero was the poisoner is without a shadow of proof stronger than idle suspicion. But although fiction has woven its tangled threads round a nucleus of fact, there are among these threads two of some strength, namely, the motive which *might* have prompted the crime, and the presence of Nero at the fatal banquet. It is otherwise with the fiction surrounding the historical fact of Rome in flames. There is no assignable motive which can point suspicion at Nero; and he happened to be absent from Rome when the fire broke out. The silly credulity which for centuries has accepted this story, with its mythical embellishment of Nero in mad exultation at the success of his wantonness fiddling above the burning ruins, is a striking example of what will pass as history. Suetonius gravely relates that some one having quoted a Greek verse, the meaning of which is, "After my death I care not if the world perish in flames," Nero exclaimed, "Nay, let it perish while I live." "And," adds the historian, "he acted accordingly; for, pretending to take offence at the ugliness of the old buildings and the narrowness of the streets, he set the city on fire; and this was done so openly that several consulars found tow and torches in the houses of his attendants, but were afraid to meddle with them. He knocked down the walls of the granaries, which were of stone, in order that the flames might spread. The fire he beheld from a tower on the top of the villa of Mæcenas, and being hugely diverted with the splendours of the flames, he sang the 'Destruction of Troy' in the dress worn by him on the stage." Yet the people patiently submitted to be ruined, and thus openly mocked, not even wreaking their vengeance on the attendants! Suetonius, in a previous chapter, has recorded of Nero that he ordered piazzas to be erected before all the houses, great and small, in order that in case of fire there might be a commanding position for extinguishing the flames; and these piazzas were constructed at his expense: so little did he disregard the interests of his subjects! Tacitus, a graver writer, tells the story with less manifest fiction. He says that the fire was by some attributed to accident, and by others to the wickedness of Nero; adding, "Nero at that time was at Antium, and only returned to Rome on the day when the flames approached his own palace, which he had built to join the palace of Augustus with the garden of Mæcenas. This palace and all the buildings around it were burned. To console the people, wandering and homeless, he opened the Campus Martius, and the monuments of Agrippa, as well as his own gardens. Here sheds were hastily constructed to shelter the poorest. Furniture was fetched from Ostia, and the price of corn was considerably reduced." Thus the public acts of Nero are not only those of one innocent of the imputed crime, but are those of an emperor really concerned for the misfortunes of his people. It is quite possible that such acts may have been mere hypocritical attempts to disarm suspicion; and if the crime were proven, or even probable, such an interpretation might pass. But what evidence, what probability is there, to justify such an accusation? The vague rumours of an exasperated people. How these arise, and how supremely they dispense with evidence, need not be told. Have we not in our own time known the famine in Ireland boldly assigned to the wrath of Heaven because the words "Defensor Fidei" accidentally were omitted in a new issue of silver coin? and this accusation proceeding, not from ignorant and turbulent mobs, but from the ignorant and bigoted "religious world," as it unjustifiably calls itself.

*The Anthropological Review, and Journal of the Anthropological Society of London.* No. 1, May, 1863. (Trübner and Co. 8vo.)—The *Anthropological Review*, we are informed, "will be a repository of facts, an arena for discussion, and a medium of communication between anthropologists and travellers all over the world," and if all succeeding numbers are equal in interest to the present the public will have no reason to complain of a useful and entertaining addition to its quarterly reading. Dr. James Hunt, Professor Raimondi (as translated by Mr. Bollart), Captain R. F. Burton, Mr. A. Tylor, John Crawford, Esq., and others, contribute instructive articles to this first number. "Wild Men and Beast Children," is the title of an interesting article by Mr. E. B. Tylor. We have not space to analyse it; but we read of boys who, carried off when young, have consorted with dogs and jackals, eaten raw flesh, and crawled on all-fours like quadrupeds. Thus:

In 1843, a boy three years old was carried off by a wolf at Chupra, while his parents were at work in the fields. Six years afterwards he was caught while going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and identified by a birth-mark and the scar of a scald. The wolf had been seen to carry him off by the loins, and the marks of teeth were still visible on them. The boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit, and had been tamed to about the same degree as the one last mentioned. His body smelt offensively. He would follow his mother about for what he could get; but appeared to feel no affection for her. He learnt to eat bread, and would eat what was given him during the day; but went off at night to the jungle. He used to mutter, but could not articulate any word. His knees and elbows were hardened with going on all-fours; he would tear off clothes if put upon him, preferred raw to cooked flesh, and would eat carrion when he could get it. The village boys used to catch frogs and throw them to him, and he ate them. When a bullock died, and the skin was taken off, he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The contents of this first number are varied and interesting, and the periodical is calculated to attain popularity. The second number will appear in August next.

*Fraser's Magazine*, amongst its thirteen good contributions, contains one more interesting from its novelty than usual. It is called a "Derby-day amongst the Arabs," and from it we present our readers with this

extract, premising that it is the Algerian Arab of which the author writes:

Punctual to the announced time, the commandant, superior officers of the garrison, and some of the civil authorities of Constantina, rode across the course, and took up their position opposite the stand. With them came a body of Arab grandees of sufficient importance to be admitted within the sacred circle—imposing figures in bournouses of every possible colour, white, black, scarlet, blue, puce, and some of them—magnates from the Sahara these—in enormous strawhats, three or four feet in diameter, covered with black ostrich feathers, and screening the head and shoulders as completely as an umbrella. Thanks to French organisation, there was no time lost in clearing the course: it had been kept clear the whole time: even the usual dog had not been allowed to set foot on it; and immediately on the arrival of the great people, the starters for the first race took their places at the post. The Arab is the most reasonable horse in the world: the moment he understands what is expected of him, he accommodates himself to circumstances in the most well-bred way; and however mettlesome he may be, does not fidget, bolt, or caper, as his European cousin is apt to do at a starting-post. We had ample opportunity, therefore, for studying the points of the horses. They were five Arabs of the ordinary stamp; four of them dappled or silver-grey, the fifth dark bay; and this, by the way, is about the proportion in which the colours are in general distributed, at least in Algeria. For one bay, black, brown, or chestnut, there are three or four whites or greys of one shade or another. To an eye accustomed to European horseflesh they would have looked, perhaps, at the first glance, very like a lot of screws. They had all bad quarters, very indifferent shoulders, and most of them were decidedly ewe-necked, perhaps in part the effect of the Arab bit, which has a tendency to make a horse throw up his head. But when you came to examine them closely, you found undeniable points about them, legs as clean "as a whip," small blood-like ears, heads well set on, with deep jaws, broad foreheads, and full, bright, restless eyes, and, altogether, a look of gameness that showed it was, at any rate, no plebeian animal you had before you. If the horses were unlike what one sees on an English course, the riders were still more so. Most of them were bare-headed and bare-footed, and had nothing on except a shirt and a pair of short, baggy trousers. One venerable-looking old fellow, however, sported a very fine plum-coloured silk waistcoat. At the word "Go," off they went in a wild, spluttering gallop, every one of them going his hardest, without an idea of holding, or nursing, or waiting, in a mad tangle of men and horses. But before they had got half-way round, they were in Indian file, old Plum-colour leading by a good length, which he afterwards increased to two, coming in an easy winner. He seemed to be a kind of Arab Fordham or Wells, for he rode in about a dozen races that day. He certainly won six or seven. The moment a race was over, the next starters were put up, and so on, with breathless rapidity, until at last we came to a race which I was particularly anxious to see. All the races up to this, with one exception, had been for Arab horses exclusively, the exception being a race for horses of European origin, owned by residents in the province, which had been run by three very ordinary-looking nags. Now came on a race for all comers, and I was curious to see how the Arab would come out against the European. As far as that issue went it was a very hollow affair. Three French horses started, among them the winner of the last-mentioned race, and two Arabs. But though the Arabs made all the running at first, they were soon collared and passed, and came in, one of them "nowhere," the other several lengths behind the last Frenchman. In fact, the popular notion about the speed of the Arab courser is, I think, erroneous. Great speed is not his strong point; the chances are that on any ordinary racecourse the best Arab in the world would be beaten easily by a very second-rate English racehorse. There Arabs were not, of course, first-rate specimens of the race, but they were certainly not bad ones.

*Macmillan's Magazine* gives us the opportunity of presenting a "Lay Churchman's" brief summary of opinion upon the Colenso trouble in these words:

There are two consistent and intelligible views in relation to this controversy, and there are no more. A man may either say the Bible is absolutely true, all through, and no man shall doubt or deny a word of it; or he may say the whole is open to criticism like any other book. It is a question of detail, and of specific argument and evidence, whether any particular statement contained in it, however important, is true or not. Of course it is easy to fight against this; but it is the plain result of the whole controversy, and it is better to face it manfully than to wear out one's soul in vain attempts to evade it. The public understand it plainly enough, whether the clergy do or not; and, if the clergy are too timid to take their sides like men, and to act upon their opinions vigorously and openly, they may, and probably will escape a good deal of present obloquy, but they will utterly forfeit the respect of all the intelligent part of the nation. They will gradually fall into the contemptible position of male duennas, whose business it is not to teach men the most important of all lessons, but to talk petty propriety to such women and children as men are weak enough to allow to listen. This is a position which, with a system of external observances and auricular confession, may be so worked as to put a good deal of power into clerical hands; but it is not a position for gentlemen and men of honour. In proportion as the clergy drift towards it, whether under the guidance of sacred synods or otherwise, they will see the Church fall into the hands of ignorant and vulgar teachers, and will witness, with helpless regret, its gradual desertion by every one who has a heart in his breast or brains in his head.

*The Dublin Magazine* has an article upon Irish actors of the last century which will find many readers, and at the tail of several contributions more or less entertaining, one upon "English and Irish Convict Systems," a sentence in which reads like a grim pleasantry. It is to this effect: "Sir Joshua Jebb need not be driven from the post for which, in many respects, he is particularly fitted." Sir Joshua, ere this article appeared, had been "driven from the post" by one who heeds not the *Dublin Magazine*; and who can say how death was aided by the pen and ink of censorious writers?

*The Museum* is full of intellectual food for the educationist, to whose notice we recommend the article upon "Education at Home and Abroad." We are glad to see the name of D'Arcy W. Thompson affixed to a translation of the sixteenth book of Homer's *Iliad*, which is as remarkable for elegance and poetical appreciation as his exquisite verses in "Ancient Leaves" would have led us to expect.

#### NOTABILIA.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER have consented to the erection of a bust of Sir George Cornewall Lewis in the Abbey. The funds are to be raised by subscription.

Sir S. M. Peto has just purchased one of the ugly annexes of the International Exhibition building, to be converted into a Baptist chapel, at Notting Hill.

On Monday week, the 22nd ult., the Royal Academy was opened for the first time this season from seven till half-past ten in the evening, and the admission fee was reduced to sixpence.

Of the three vacancies in the Society of Painters in Water-colours, one has just been filled by the promotion of Mr. H. Brittan Willis, from being an associate to be a member.

It is stated that Mr. Alexander Munro has been selected to execute a bust of the Duke of Newcastle, which the Canadian Legislature have recently voted for their capital.

Preparations are being made for the immediate commencement of the restoration of Salisbury Cathedral, towards which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England and Wales made some time ago a grant of 10,000*l*.

The Paris Exhibition of Fine Arts, which is now open, shows in its catalogue a decrease of no less than 1194 numbers within the last two years. That of 1861 contained 4016 numbers, while that of 1863 has only 2903.

The King of Prussia has purchased Lessing's picture, "Huss on the Funeral Pile," which was exhibited in London last summer, for the sum of 15,000 thalers, or about 2250*l*. Kaulbach's cartoon, "The Reformation," destined for the hall of the new museum at Berlin, has arrived there; and it is pleasant to learn that Kaulbach will execute his work with the friendly help of Berlin artists.

There died the other week the Leghorn sculptor Emilio Demi. He first acquired name and fame by a statue of Galileo. His most colossal work was the gigantic statue of Leopold II., which was formerly placed opposite that of Leopold I. in the great Piazza at Leghorn. In the beginning of 1849 this same Demi stood at the head of the insurgents who destroyed this his own work.

The monument to Tyndale, on Knibley Knoll, Gloucester, in the parish of his birth, has now been commenced. It consists of a tower 111 feet high, with a terminal proposed to be a reflector; the whole is to be broken in stages, diminishing from 23 feet square at the base to 14 feet at the summit, where will be a machiolated cornice. Within will be a staircase; at the entrance a recess to contain "a Bible chained to a book-rest!"

An English gentleman of refined literary taste, long a patron of art and science, Mr. William Currie, formerly of Leatherhead-park, has just died at Nice. Some years ago he built himself a charming villa on the shores of the Lago di Como, where he was in the habit of receiving the *élite* of the literary and artistic world of France and Italy. He left a most valuable collection of pictures, cameos, precious stones, and other objects of art, besides a large library of ancient and modern works. The latter, according to his will, is to be incorporated with the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

Works intended for the Manchester Institution must be sent so as to arrive not later than the 17th of August. Pictures and other works of art from London will be forwarded by Mr. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, if delivered to him before the 3rd of August; if from the Academy, these works must be delivered to him immediately on the closing of that Exhibition. The council offers the annual prize of fifty guineas to the artist of the best picture exhibited, provided that it has been painted within three years, but it reserves the power of withholding the prize should there be no work of sufficient merit in the collection.

*The Moniteur* of June 22 contains a long report from the General Director of the Imperial Museums, Count Nieuwerkerke, on his work during the twelve years of his appointment to the ministry of the Imperial House. It is stated that since 1850 the Imperial Museums (exclusive of the Musée Napoléon) have been enriched with 20,000 objects of art; and many new rooms have been opened for the purpose of placing these appropriately. The pictures and drawings in the galleries of the Louvre have been arranged methodically, and are now easily found. The collections of engravings and casts have been reorganised. Descriptive catalogues, as well as catalogues raisonnés, have been prepared, which the public rewards with increasing approval. There have been newly founded during that period—the Museum of Sovereigns, the American Museum, the Ethnographical Museum, the Musée Napoleon III., and the Museum of St. Germain.

German papers state that a curious ruin of the Thirty Years' War, the old choir of the church at Kreuznach, near the Rhine, has just been transformed into a Church of England place of worship. The dilapidated walls, in which stuck many a Swedish bullet, were given, in 1856, by the King of Prussia to a few English residents at the place, on condition that the edifice should be rebuilt as nearly as possible in its ancient shape. For a considerable time funds were wanting to accomplish this purpose, until, within a year or two, Mr. H. Moor of Brighton came forward, offering to erect the church at his own expense. The offer was, of course, gladly accepted; and the church was formally opened on Sunday, the 14th inst. The place is historically interesting as the spot in which repose the remains of one of the Talbot family, as well as of several German nobles who fell in the anti-Papal struggle, under the leadership of Gustavus Adolphus.

The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, in their sixth report, which has just been published, urgently invite the attention of Government to the want of space for the collection under their care. The pictures and busts now amount to 153 in number, 47 of which are presentations. The number of visitors during last year, when the Gallery was open only two days in the week, from twelve to five o'clock, amounted to 12,448, being nearly double that of the previous year—6676. On the last Easter Monday there were 942 visitors as against 672 in 1862. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the obscurity of its position, the collection is steadily growing in favour with the public. Although artistic merit is not a primary object in this institution, the collection already contains some five-and-twenty works (whether painting or sculpture) that would hold a respectable position in any gallery of art. The trustees announce themselves wholly at a loss to provide for fresh accessions. Pictures are already placed upon the ground, and in dark corners round the windows; but it would be a great pity if so good an enterprise were to fall through merely by the want of extended house-room, and a more decent light for the advantageous display of the few works belonging to the collections deserving attention on grounds of art.

The following interesting account of Roman excavations is from a letter written by a German sculptor living in Rome. He says:—"The villa of Livia, the wife of Augustus, called 'Ad Gallinas,' has been excavated near Prima Porta, seven miles from Rome, on the Via Flaminia; and at the very beginning of the excavations the completely preserved figure of Augustus, besides three very beautiful busts and reliefs, was brought to light. This figure, eight feet in height, is the most beautiful imperial statue in existence, and altogether a work of first rank. A special interest is found in the excellently preserved traces of painting on the mantle, under-garments, and armour. The mantle was red; but on the head and the nude legs no trace of painting is to be found. The people who had made the discovery were naturally very happy, and flattered themselves with the hope of receiving no less than half a million of scudi for it; but we considerably damped their enthusiasm, and brought them down to 20,000 scudi. I wonder whether our valuation was correct. The excavations of the imperial palaces, instituted by Napoleon, have likewise

yielded important results already, chiefly of architectural interest. The sculptures found as yet are not of much consequence. It is a colossal undertaking, and will take about ten years more, at least, before it is completed. In order to assist the Emperor's plans the Pope has given orders that the other side of the Palatine, where the walls of Romulus were found, shall likewise be examined; and excavations have been set on foot on that spot.

The second city of Holland, Rotterdam, is about to have a permanent German theatre, a thing in which London has never succeeded.

M. Padeloup, of Paris, the manager of the new French "Popular Concerts," is getting up a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with a band and chorus of unusual size.

Mlle. Adelina Patti has been engaged by the director of the Italian Opera at Paris for the season of next year. She is to receive, it is said, 3000 francs, or 120*l.*, for every night she sings.

An Operatic Academy, an institution described in the prospectus as designed to give the special training wanted by aspirants to the honours of the musical stage, has just been opened by Mr. Howard Glover.

Mr. Lumley has just published a long account of his grievances against Lord Dudley in the pages of the *Musical World*. The chief facts of the story are well known to the public.

A new violinist appeared at one of the last concerts of the Musical Union in the person of Herr Auer, a young Hungarian—a compatriot and pupil of Herr Joachim. He is only, it is said, eighteen years old; but has played in public for some time past.

Gounod's "Faust" has been at length produced at Her Majesty's Theatre with a very fair cast. This opera was one of the most important items in Mr. Mapleson's programme of his season, and its production in good time has filled the house night after night for the last two or three weeks.

From Paris we hear that the "ghost"—that is, "Pepper's Ghost"—is very shortly to appear at the Théâtre du Châtelet, in a version of "Aurora Floyd," which has been a long time in preparation. Professor Pepper has been to Paris to superintend the arrangements, and is reported to have received 20,000*fr.*, or 800*l.*, for the right to use his invention.

Handel's music, it is pleasant to observe, is at last finding acceptance in France. Paris, the gay city which never dreams that it is anything else than the leader of European taste, has at last discovered, by the aid of M. Padeloup and his "Popular Concerts," noticed above, that the "Messiah" and "Israel" contain some choral music worth listening to.

The following *Musikfeste*, or music and singing festivals, will take place in the course of the ensuing summer in Germany:—Oehringen (June 28 and 29), Singing Festival of the Suabian Singers' Association; Ohlau (June 28), Five-and-Twenty Years' Jubilee of the Men's Singing Association, in form of a "Sängertag"; Brunswick (July 13-15), German Singing Festival, for which the singing associations of no fewer than sixty cities have announced their co-operation; Bamberg (July 25-28), the Franconian Singing Festival (announced already, 2755 singers); Augsburg (August 1-3), Singing Festival of the Suabian-Bavarian Singing Association; Darmstadt (August 16), Middle-Rhenish Music Festival; Reichenberg (in August), Great Singing Match; Aix-la-Chapelle (September 6 and 7), First Singing Festival of the Rhenish *Gesangsverein*, or Singing League, and Great International Singing Match, under the direction of the Aix-la-Chapelle Men's Singing Association "Concordia," to which the Singing Associations of all Germany and other countries are invited.

The death of Edward Vogel, the African traveller, has just been confirmed by evidence which places it beyond a doubt.

Capt. Sir Robert John Le Mesurier M'Clure, C.B., the discoverer of the north-west passage, is to be an early recipient of a good service pension.

The high and middle-level sewers of the main drainage of the metropolis are announced to be partly in operation in two or three months' time, when Father Thames will be relieved of at least one-half the refuse which he is now obliged to carry.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin has conferred upon Sir Charles Lyell the honour of Chevalier of the Order of Merit in Science and Art. The number of foreign knights of this order is limited to thirty; and among our countrymen, previously elected, there are Sir John Herschel, the Astronomer-Royal, Prof. Faraday, Prof. Owen, Sir David Brewster, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and General Sabine.

The second annual meeting of the Devon Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art, will be held at Plymouth, on Wednesday, the 29th of July, and the two following days, under the presidency of Mr. Spence Bate. The Mayor of Plymouth, Sir John Bowring, and Sir W. Snow Harris are announced as vice-presidents. The Rev. W. Harpley, of Plymouth, and Mr. H. S. Ellis, of Exeter, will be the honorary secretaries.

The Royal Society have elected two Foreign Members, namely, Prof. Kummer, of Berlin, distinguished for his discoveries in the theory of numbers, and for the conception and development of ideal numbers; and Prof. Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, the well-known naturalist, whose works on the Alternation of Generations, and other zoological and archaeological subjects connected with the history of man, are greatly valued by naturalists. The list of fifty Foreign Members is thus once more complete.

The Commander-in-Chief has intimated, according to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, that all candidates for direct commissions in the army, who have taken the degree of Master of Arts in the University of Edinburgh, shall, as is the case with graduates in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, be accepted as qualified for commissions by purchase, without being required to pass an examination in the subjects detailed in Clause 4 of the Regulations of May 1, 1863.

Austrian papers state that the Salzburg mountains will immediately be furnished with a system of guides, similar to the plan existing in Switzerland. The guides are to be examined and licensed, and are bound to carry 20*lb.* of luggage. A list of guides in each place and of the tariffs for each excursion is to be put up in the hotels. This measure has been introduced, it is stated, by the Austrian Alpine Club, and it will no doubt have an effect in making the Salzburg district more accessible to our own countrymen.

Various new rules for the government of the Arundel Society were adopted at the last general meeting. Mr. Layard stated the case of the council. Messrs. G. E. Street and Rose deprecated the idea that seemed to be held by some members, that the society's objects were to encourage the production of popular pictures, such as might be hung on the walls of houses, rather than of faithful and legitimate transcripts from the works of the old masters in their present state. Mr. Rose urged the employment of engraving, in place of chromo-lithography, as suited to the objects of the society, and averred that the method of reproduction now used is not so satisfactory as might be wished.

The Council of the Society of Arts have offered the following set of prizes to art-workmen, under certain regulations which they publish. Four prizes of from 3*l.* to 10*l.* for modelling in terra cotta, plaster, or wax; four similar prizes

for repoussé work in any metal; two prizes for hammered work in iron, brass, or copper; two for carving in ivory; four for chasing in metal; four for enamel painting on metal, copper, or gold; four for painting on porcelain; two for inlaying in wood, ivory, or metal; two for engraving on glass; and two for embroidery.

A curious and interesting discovery of ancient church ornaments has been recently made at Douai. According to the French papers, the students of the formerly celebrated college of Douai secretly buried two coffers full of valuable church plate at the time of the great French revolution. The secret, which was carefully kept for many years, has recently been divulged. A corps of engineers, who now occupy the buildings formerly used by the college, searched for the hidden treasures, and they have already succeeded in disinterring various silver vases bearing the names of presidents of the college, and that of Philip Howard, of Norfolk, with the date 1744. The search is being prosecuted for other articles supposed to have been also secreted.

The will of the late Prince Consort has just been presented to the Court of Probate, but it becomes a question whether it will be proved in the ordinary course.

The members of the "Athletic Club," established for the encouragement of physical education, have just celebrated their second "grand Olympic festival" on the Mount Vernon Parade Ground, Liverpool.

An ancient urn, containing 250 Roman coins, was recently found by a labourer at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, the seat of Alfred Tennyson, the poet laureate. The coins were of brass, some of them silvered over, and mostly of the time of Gallienus.

Dr. August Knobel, well-known for his many and zealous labours in the field of Biblical literature, more especially his commentaries and historical investigations on the Old Testament, died the week before last at the age of fifty-seven, at Giessen.

The fate of the "bell" at Baden-Baden is sealed. The Government has fixed the 31st of October, 1866 (not, as hitherto reported, 1867), for the shutting-up of the gaming-tables. The annual sum which Mr. Benezet has to pay until that period towards the funds of the Spa has been more than doubled, having been raised to 700,000 francs, or 28,000*l.*

A return just published states that the conveyance of mails on the west coast of America costs 3*s.* per mile; to the Cape of Good Hope, 3*s.* 8*d.*; to Bermuda, 3*s.* 9*d.*; to the west coast of Africa, 4*s.* 4*d.*; to India, China, and Australia, 5*s.* 7*d.*; to the West Indies, Brazil, &c., 8*s.* 5*d.*; to Calais and Ostend, 8*s.* 10*d.*; to New Zealand, 9*s.*; and to the United States, 9*s.* 2*d.*

A so-called "historical marriage" is announced by the French papers. Princess Anna Murat will give her hand to the young Duke de Mouchy, a descendant of the Counts d'Armagnac, the heads of one of the rival factions in France at the time when the kingdom was divided between Charles VII. and our own Henry VI. The *Presse* says that the bridegroom elect is 22 years old, and has a fortune of about 24,000*l.* a year. The princess is the granddaughter of the Murat.

It is well known that for years past the homœopaths have had a royal patron in the Queen of Spain. Lately her Majesty has entirely broken with the allopathists and all other ists, and trusted herself entirely to infinitesimal pills. As a consequence, most writers of homœopathic books now send a copy to Madrid, and in return mostly receive a Spanish decoration of some kind or other. Thus the order of Charles III. has just been bestowed upon two French pupils of Hahnemann, Messrs. Jahr and Peroussel.

With a view to promote enlarged investments of capital in model dwellings and other establishments for the benefit of the working classes, the Council of the Society of Arts have recently instituted a statistical inquiry into the actual results obtained, including family dwellings of every description, model lodging-houses, dormitories, refuges, baths and wash-houses, soup-kitchens, coffee-houses, &c.

The question of precedence of Edinburgh over Dublin has given rise within the last few weeks, to a lively discussion. The correspondence between Sir George Grey and the various parties concerned in the decision of this question has been published. The report of Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King at Arms, to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, together with the correspondence of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, has been forwarded to Sir Charles Young, Garter King at Arms, for his remarks. These are given as the last document produced in the case, and the opinion of the Garter King at Arms appears to be most decidedly in favour of Edinburgh.

American papers announce that the Confederate Senate, after debate, has adopted the motto "*Deo vindice*," instead of "*Deo duce vincemus*." The flag adopted by both Houses, and approved by President Davis, consists of a pure white field with the Union—red ground with broad blue saltire and white stars—on a square two-thirds the width of the flag. The Union, used simply, is the battle-flag of the States. The flag, in heraldic phrase, is *argent*, on a canton *gules*, a saltire *azure*, fimbriated of the field, charged with thirteen étoiles of the last. The seal, Washington on horseback.

The three hundredth anniversary of the Council of Trent has just been celebrated at the ancient city of Tyrol. There were numerous envoys from all parts of the world—Cardinal Wiseman from this country, Mgr. Dupanloup from France, and Cardinal Guido from Rome. Austria, curiously enough, had despatched a general as ambassador—the warlike old Benedek, who appeared on the scene with a numerous staff of military heretics from Vienna and Transylvania. Why the anniversary of the last great convocation of prelates of the Roman Catholic Church was celebrated in June is not stated. The Council of Trent first sat December 13th, 1545; and continued, with interruptions, under the succeeding Popes, Paul III., Julius III., and Pius IV., to December 4th, 1563.

The Eton boys, according to the *Spectator*, have re-established a magazine called *Etonensis*, and their first number is a very creditable performance. There is an essay on Arthur Hallam, very nicely written, and one on words set to music, which shows humour and literary skill. The grandeur of the youthful editors is rather amusing. Of one essay which they decline, they say, "of this effusion they will say no more than that its want of the poetic element disqualified it at once from appearance in our pages." The editors are classical, but, as Mr. Peckeniff puts it, "pagan, we regret to say." They announce for July the appearance of certain papers, not "D.V.," nor even "Deo volente," but "Diis volentibus." We trust the divinities invoked may prove propitious, as the lads really show a good share of literary capacity.

The estimates for the present year, which have just been published, include the sum of 45,243*l.* for maintenance and repair of Royal Palaces, an increase of 11,660*l.* on last year; of this, 19,433*l.* is for Palaces in the occupation of the Queen, of which Windsor alone takes 11,000*l.*; Palaces partly occupied by the Queen, 10,300*l.*; Palaces not so occupied, 15,243*l.*—Public Buildings, 117,781*l.*, increase 4268*l.*—Parks and Pleasure Gardens used by the public—Battersea, Bushey, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Holyrood, Kensington, Kew Botanic and Pleasure Grounds, Regent's, St. James's, Hyde, Green and Victoria Parks, all, 97,952*l.* These were the sums voted for the whole of the above, after deducting the surplus, about 30,000*l.* remaining of former grants. The Houses of Parliament

take 46,444*l.*, of which 4570*l.* is for completion of buildings; 4229*l.* warming, lighting and ventilating; costs of works connected with—5490*l.* gas; 2300*l.* fuel; 1000*l.* salary of officer in charge of warming and ventilating arrangements; 40,000*l.* New Foreign Office Buildings; 137,773*l.* further estimate for their completion; Public Record Repository, 20,000*l.*; National Gallery, Dublin, Building, 983*l.*; Franklin Monument, 800*l.*, re-vote.

The long talked of Shakespeare celebration has now assumed some definite shape. The committee formed little more than a month ago, the names of which we gave in the CRITIC of June (p. 376), held a meeting at the apartments of the Royal Society of Literature, on Monday week, the 22nd of June. The Duke of Manchester, who, in the absence of the Duke of Newcastle, occupied the chair, proposed the first resolution in the following words: "That a National Celebration of the Three Hundredth Birthday of Shakspeare should be held on the 23rd of April, 1854, and commemorated by the erection of a monument in a conspicuous part of London." The resolution was seconded by W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., and was carried unanimously. The second resolution was proposed by Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., and seconded by Benjamin Webster, Esq.:—"That to be worthy of Shakspeare and of the country, this National Celebration should be conducted under the patronage of Her Majesty, and the presidency of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with the aid of all classes of the Poet's countrymen and admirers, residing in the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and in foreign countries." The third resolution, proposed by Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., and seconded by C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., declared:—"That with a view to combine in a National Shakespeare Committee, the representative men of all classes, this Shakspeare Committee, consisting of the following noblemen and gentlemen—The Duke of Newcastle, K.G., the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., Earl Granville, K.G., the Earl of Dun-

raven, the Earl Howe, the Earl Russell, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Lonsborough, Lord Vernon, Lord John Manners, Lord Lindsay, the Lord Chief Baron Pollock, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Knight Bruce, General Sabine, President of the Royal Society, the Lord Mayor of London, M.P., the Right Hon. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart, M.P., Sir C. H. Rouse Boughton, Bart., Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., General Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B., Sir R. Hamilton, Bart., Sir C. Nicholson, Bart., Sir Fitzroy Kelly, M.P., Q.C., Sir R. G. MacDonnell, C. B., the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, M.P., Sir James Prior, T. Bazley, Esq., M.P., B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P., W. Ewart, Esq. M.P., R.S. Holford, Esq. M.P., R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., H. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P., William Mite, Esq., M.P., E. F. Flower, Esq., Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., Herman Merivale, Esq., Daniel Maclise, Esq., R.A., David Roberts, Esq., R.A., E. M. Ward, Esq., R.A., W. Hepworth Dixon, Esq., Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Post-Laureate, Tom Taylor, Esq., F. W. Gibbs, Esq., James Dugdale, Esq., the Rev. Alexander Dyce, W. C. Macready, Esq., Benjamin Webster, Esq., J. P. Collier, Esq., the Rev. William Harness, Henry Johnson, Esq., John Wilkinson, Esq., Thomas Wright, Esq., F. W. Cosens, Esq., Frederick Haines, Esq., J. O. Halliwell, Esq.—undertake to invite the co-operation of all local and special bodies, and of eminent personages, whether in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, having Shakspearian objects in view." A fourth resolution, proposed by Sir Richard MacDonnell, seconded by Thomas Wright, Esq., ran as follows:—"That the Governors of Her Majesty's Colonies and Indian Possessions be invited to make known the objects of this Committee within their respective Provinces, and to enlist the sympathy and support of Her Majesty's subjects throughout the British Dependencies in aid of the erection of the contemplated National Shakspearian Monument."

## BOOK NEWS:

A BOOKSELLER'S RECORD AND AUTHOR'S AND PUBLISHER'S REGISTER.

THE LITERARY EVENT of the past month has been the publication of the third part of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, providing reviewers and pamphleteers with abundant occupation for some time to come. From Dean Alford we have the first volume of his "New Testament for English Readers," containing the Authorised Version with marginal readings and renderings, and a critical and explanatory commentary; and from the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, of Doncaster, two volumes of "Lectures on the Revelation of St. John."

IN HISTORY and BIOGRAPHY there have appeared the third and fourth volumes, completing the work, of General Sir Edward Cust's "Annals of the Wars of the Nineteenth Century;" the third volume of Mr. Crowe's "History of France;" the first volume of the Rev. W. H. Dixon's "Fasti Eboracenses; or, Lives of the Archbishops of York;" a translation of Count Montalembert's "Memoir of the Abbé Lacordaire;" three volumes of recollections by Mr. Cyrus Redding, entitled "Yesterday and To-day;" "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences," by Lord William Lennox; a second series of "Recollections and Anecdotes," by Captain Gronow; "Memoirs of the Queens of Song," from the earliest days of the opera to the present time, by Mr. Clayton; and two editions, by Mr. Bentley and Mr. Bohn, of the third volume of the Life and Letters of Washington Irving.

IN GEOGRAPHY and TRAVEL there have been published "Tracks of Mackinlay and his Party Across Australia," by John Davis, edited by Mr. Westgarth; "Old New Zealand and its Native Customs," by a Pakeha Maori; "Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders," by Dr. Moutat; "South American Sketches, or a Visit to Rio de Janeiro, the Organ Mountains, La Plata, and the Paraná," by Mr. Thomas Hinchliff; "An Errand to the South in the Summer of 1862," by the Rev. W. Malet; "Four Months in a Dahabéeh, or Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile," by Mr. Carey; and a "Tour in Tartan-Land," by Cuthbert Bede.

Under MISCELLANIES we may class Mr. Fitzjames Stephens's "General View of the Criminal Law of England;" "The Nullity of Metaphysics as a Science amongst Sciences;" "Strange Things amongst Us," a book about Spiritualism by Mr. H. Spicer; "A Hand-book of British Mosses," by the Rev. J. M. Berkeley; a volume of "Literary Remains of John Foster, the Essayist;" "The First Year of the War," by Mr. Pollard, of the *Richmond Examiner*; and two volumes on the "History of Christian Names," by Miss Yonge, authoress of the "Heir of Redclyffe."

IN FICTION we have had "The Ring of Amasis," by Owen Meredith; "Dragon's Teeth," by the Rev. J. Pycroft; "The Rector and the Doctor's Family," by Mrs. Oliphant, being a new volume of the "Chronicles of Carlingford," from *Blackwood's Magazine*; and "Chesterford," "Denise," "Opposite Neighbours," "Forbidden Fruit," "Vicissitudes of a Gentlewoman," and "Adrian L'Estrange," all anonymous.

IN POETRY we have nothing beyond the second volume of Mr. Browning's collected works, containing his Tragedies and other Plays, and a new and enlarged edition of Lord Lyttelton's and Mr. Gladstone's "Translations," containing a translation of Mr. Tennyson's "Ulysses" into Latin, by Lord Lyttelton, and of the first book of Homer into English by Mr. Gladstone.

Among recent French publications we find several "Guides to Collectors of Postage Stamps, who appear to be as smitten with the mania beyond the Channel as are those on this side of it, who don't

mind giving two and even three thousand per cent. for an effigy on a square inch of paper, battered and often half-obliterated by post-office manipulations. In a French newspaper we lately observed an advertisement, offering to the public a collection of post-office stamps of ninety-five States of the globe classed in alphabetical order, containing 835 stamps, exclusive of a Chinese one, and ninety-six envelopes, all in good order. The price 1200 francs (48*l.*). At this rate (stamps and envelopes together) each would cost the purchaser above a shilling, and each originally cost a *centime*, a *sou*, perhaps a groat. *Apropos* of postage stamps, it may not be generally known that they are nearly two centuries older than Rowland Hill. At all events postage stamps date in France since 1638, although their use may not have been continuous. In that year a Government placard appeared on the walls of Paris, intimating that all who wished to send letters from one quarter of that city to another should have them carefully carried and diligently rendered to their address, and have a reply to them provided that when they wrote they put on, or wrapped round their letters, a label (*billet*) which should bear the mark *port-payé*, as no money would be taken. The stamp, we gather from the proclamation, might be pasted on the letter. At all events, it was enjoined that it should be placed in or on the letter "in such handy manner as it may be seen and easily removed." Every one was advertised that his letter would not be carried except bearing this stamp, *port-payé*. There was space on the stamp for inserting the day of the month, "and this must not be omitted if it is wished the letter should be sent." It was further intimated that the "Clerk-General—an embryo Postmaster-General, who was in those days passing rich with less than forty pounds a year—would be at the Palais every morning to sell stamps to those who wished to have them for the price of a *sou-tapé* (penny) each, and no more on penalty of extortion, and every one was notified to buy for his wants as many as he required. The stamps were bought at the Palais by solicitors, college porters, hotel-keepers, gaolers, and others. It does not appear that there was any commission for these stamps. Indeed, to charge more than the *sou-tapé* or *marqué*—a genuine *sou*, and not one of your copper coins where *heads* and *tails* are not to be recognised—was to be guilty of extortion. However, one can readily conceive how the gaoler or hotel-keeper could indemnify himself for investing to the extent of a crown in postage stamps. Could one of our modern collectors light upon any of these A.D. 1638 stamps he might be able to make a smart deposit in a modern Post-Office Savings' Bank in vending them to stampomaniacs.

The Emperor's book on Julius Cæsar, long on the stocks, often advertised to be launched, is, we have been informed, about as able to appear to buffet the winds and tides of European criticism as the last laid down *Gloire*. The Emperor takes time and counsel. Two volumes are almost ready; but his fame as a commentator, historian, and *littérateur* having to rest on this work, he will take every precaution, and fortify himself at every point, before he presents himself to a world of scholars and antiquarians. Whatever the merits of the work when it appears, it cannot be denied that he has used great care and diligence in its preparation. There is not a good Celtic scholar in France, not a topographer, who has not been consulted. Personally he has surveyed ancient battle-fields, and his engineers have for a long time been tracing the remains of ancient camps. With more opportunities than any private scholar can command, he ought to present the public with a good and reliable book on ancient Gaul; and now that the elections are over, now that French arms have made an impression on Mexico, now that his *prestige* is again on the ascendant,

it is the general expectation that before long we shall have an installment of this great work.

We have seen several numbers of a new work which will commend itself, if not to the upper ten thousand, to all lovers of art. Unfortunately, though the lovers of art are more than the upper ten thousand in one sense, they are less in another—in monetary power. The work to which we refer is the "Albrecht-Gallerie," or "Galerie Albert," the letter-press being in the German and French languages. It takes its name from a selection of designs from the ancient masters in the collection of His Highness the Archduke Albert, which have been photographed by Gustave Jagermayer. The object of the enterprise is to extend the knowledge of the invaluable treasure of original sketches by the most celebrated artists of all schools, collected by the Duke Albert von Sachsen-Teschen, known by his taste as an artist. This Duke Albert was the husband of Marie Christine, daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, with whom he lived at Brussels in 1766, where she was governor of the Austrian Low Countries. The collection made by Duke Albert passed into the hands of the Archduke Albert, who, in the interest of art, has permitted their being photographed. We have here veritable facsimiles of Van Dyck, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albert Dürer, Biamante, &c. The work will be completed in sixty parts, each containing five sheets. The work is certainly published at a moderate rate, but to the upper ten thousands in art we fear that the price may appear beyond their means. A single sheet, which costs, we believe, about five shillings, cannot be purchased; one must subscribe for the whole work, and, if able to do so, he will have a treasure.

Denmark and Danish literature are likely for a time, through the recent royal marriage, to occupy attention. Williams and Norgate have imported a fine collection of old popular Danish songs, set for the voice and arranged for the piano. The work containing them is dated 1861, but in this country it must be quite new. The title of it is, "Norske Folke-Sange og Melodier," by A. P. Berggreen. This is to the musician. And here is something for the antiquarian: "Thorsbjerg Mosefund. Et Samlet fund fra den ældre Jernalder," &c., described by Conrad Engelhardt. This is a description, with excellent lithographic drawings, of various objects of antiquity found in Thorsberg Moss, in Flensborg, belonging to what is called the iron age of the country. It is an odd collection of pots, pans, skull-caps, spurs, knives, spoons, buckles, *brecks*, pitchers, coins, and crockery ware. We cannot help thinking sometimes, in passing through a museum, or in perusing a volume on antiquities, what careless creatures the ancients must have been. They must have had pockets or purses, but pocket and purse must have always been out of order, or also why find we coins dropped in so many, and sometimes so many absurd directions. One would think they had—perhaps they had—a pleasure in throwing their money away by the handful. Or the old Romans in England and the Saxons who beat them out of it must have had bad housewives, who made small use of thread and needles, or how should coins be picked up in ploughed fields, under hedges, in drains, and in ditches? How come they in the beds of rivers, except that the poor man in looking out his penny to pay a ferryman or fisherman had a hole in his purse through which the balance of its wealth escaped. And what havoc the cat must have made in crockery in those days. Cooks and scullery maids were as careful then no doubt as they are now, and never broke anything. It was the cat which smashed these terra-cotta vases, pipkins, and oil-lamps. It was careless tire-maidens who threw combs, pins, clasps, looking-glasses, &c., into the streets. To tipsy butlers we owe, perhaps, broken wine jars. To an old soldier we owe this old helmet; to a barber this basin; to a bully this dagger; to an ostler this spur. The oddest "finds" of our seventeenth-century ancestors, are tobacco-pipes—the bowls of them rather. We have seen them dug out in the City from ten feet underground. The citizen of Raleigh's time must have dropped his pipe as often as the Roman did his penny. How shall we be reckoned up by that posterity with which we are ever threatened, when posterity digs up a willow-pattern soup plate?

MR. MURRAY has a volume in the press containing Mr. Gladstone's Financial Statements of the years 1853, 1860-63, with his speeches on Tax-bills, 1861, and Charities, 1863, revised by Mr. Gladstone.

MR. THOMAS HOOD has "A Cornish Story" nearly ready for publication. "MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS," by Mr. Edmund Kirke, is announced by Messrs. S. Low, Son, and Co.

THE LATE JOHN HOWELL, OF EDINBURGH.—A number of characteristic anecdotes lately appeared regarding the late eccentric genius, John Howell, of Edinburgh, to which the following, which has not hitherto been published, may not inappropriately be added:—In 1822, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, the various trades resolved to turn out with banners, flags, &c., on the occasion of the King proceeding from Holyrood to visit the Castle. The book-binders—of whom John was one—met to resolve on a design for their banner; but, after a good deal of discussion, could not agree, when "John" chanced to enter the meeting, and exclaimed, "Tut! touts! ye're a' wrang thegither. Just throw a hirsle o' books on the table heads an' throws, an' let an artist copy them; and when painted on the banner, let it have the motto, 'O' makin' o' books there's nae end.'" The proposal was unanimously adopted, and John was made standard-bearer. The illustrious author of "Waverley" who, in personal attendance on the King, took great interest in the demonstration, proceeded up the Canongate and High-street, to see if everything was in a state of preparation previous to the approach of Royalty. He was accompanied by a celebrated advocate of the time. John was standing along with the book-binders in the High-street, bearing the banner with the motto, "O' makin' o' books there's nae end," when the advocate (Mr. Skene) tapped "the Great Unknown" on the shoulder, and, pointing to the motto, said emphatically, "That will suit you, Sir Walter!"

MR. FROUDE has two volumes of his "History of England under Elizabeth," in the press.

CAPTAIN KNIGHT's "Diary in Cashmere and Thibet" will be published by Mr. Bentley about the middle of the month.

MISS EVANS's novel of "Romola," reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, in three volumes, will be ready in a few days.

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, we hear, is about to give his opinion in the present controversy over the Pentateuch, in a set of parish sermons.

THE RAY SOCIETY's volume for 1863 will be a treatise, by Dr. Günther, on the reptiles of British India, illustrated with twenty plates.

THE ORE, a Church weekly newspaper and literary journal, at the price of one penny, will commence life on Saturday next.

PROFESSOR ANSTED, who almost rivals Dr. Latham in book-making, has a thick volume on the Ionian Islands just ready.

"RALPH; OR, ST. SEPULCHRE'S AND ST. STEPHENS," by Mr. Arthur Arnold, is a new novel in two volumes, announced by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE's novel was withdrawn on the eve of publication. We have not learnt for what reason.

THE LATE MR. A. GILCHRIST's life of William Blake, completed and edited by his widow, will be published in the course of a week or ten days.

THE LADY EMILY PONSONBY has a three volume novel just ready, entitled "Mary Lindsay."

"THREE LIVES IN ONE," a novel in three volumes, is announced by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

A CHEAP EDITION in one volume of Mrs. Oliphant's "Salem Chapel" is just ready.

ANOTHER VOLUME of Mendelssohn's Letters will be published next month, embracing his correspondence between 1833 and 1847.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS has in the press "Notices of Rocks and Fossils in the University Museum, Oxford."

"THE WANDERER IN WESTERN FRANCE," by Mr. G. T. Lowth, illustrated by the Hon. T. Eliot Yorke, M.P., is announced by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

MR. HENRY TAYLOR, author of "Philip van Artevelde," has in preparation a complete edition of his plays and poems. It will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in three volumes.

MR. TRESSIDER is about to publish a reprint of Cobbett's "Legacy to Lords: being Six Lectures on the History of Taxation and Debt in England, to which is subjoined a Scheme of Substitution for Taxes."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO. will publish in a few days a "Guide to the Unprotected in Every-day Matters relating to Property and Income," by a Banker's Daughter.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have the pleasure of announcing that they are preparing for publication "Captain Speke's Account of Travels and Discoveries in Eastern and Central Africa," by himself and Captain Grant.

A NEW MATERIAL for paper is announced, the *Sida retusa*, a plant which grows in prodigious quantities at Brisbane, Australia. It is said to possess an excellent fibre.

REPLIES TO COLENSO.—According to the *Publishers' Circular* Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch has already given rise to seventy-five controversial works.

"A GOOD FIGHT IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE, a Story founded on Facts," reprinted from *Cassell's Family Paper*, will be published by Messrs. S. Low, Son, and Co.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD has a volume of collected papers in the press to be entitled "Signals of Distress; or, Days and Nights in London amongst the Helpless and the Wretched."

A VOLUME OF POEMS, by Mrs. B. H. Farquhar, author of the "Pearl of Day," an essay on the Sunday question which made a great stir some years ago, will appear in the course of the autumn.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE NEW YORK PUBLISHERS.—We copied from the *American Publishers' Circular* the statement that the New York publishers who reprint Spurgeon's sermons and sell enormous numbers, remit him about 1000*l.* a year. Mr. Spurgeon has taken occasion to contradict the story, and to say he would be mightily obliged if they sent him a thousand pence.

A COPY of the second edition of Coverdale's Bible, 1537, was sold in the library of N. C. Mognie, by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. The book was imperfect, but it contained the left hand half of the woodcut map belonging to the first edition of the same Bible, which fragment constituted its main value. It was sold, after an active competition, for 45*l.*

"NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT IN MORAYSHIRE, from 1846 to 1854," collected from the Journals and Letters of the late Mr. Charles St. John, author of "Wild Sports of the Highlands," with a short memoir of the author, will be published immediately by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas of Edinburgh. The extracts contain all Mr. St. John's notes and observations of sport, and of the habits of animals, that have been preserved in his journals, as well as in letters to friends, subsequent to the publication of the "Wild Sports." Besides the every-day notes of so fine an observer, there will be found in this volume a description of every bird which occurs in the district. Of these descriptions, he says, in his introduction, "I have been particularly careful to describe and note down nothing the authenticity of which I am not certain of. Indeed, every bird here mentioned I have either killed or seen myself during my wanderings in wood and plain. I have also taken the nests of all the birds which breed in Scotland without, I believe, one exception. I have also watched the habits of all, from the golden eagle to the golden crested wren, from the wild swan to the teal, and have had opportunities of so doing which, perhaps, no other person has had."

MR. COWDEN CLARKE has in the press a series of lectures, shaped into twenty essays, which he delivered in many places some years ago on "Shakespeare Characters, chiefly subordinate." In his prospectus Mr. Clarke observes:—"The genius of Shakespeare, and the delineations of the principal personages in his dramas, have been fruitful sources of commentary; but the subordinate characters have received only slight and incidental notice from the eminent men who have made the works of our greatest poet the subject of their study. The ground taken in these essays is, therefore, to a large extent unoccupied; and it has been the author's endeavour to show that even in the most minor points, the characters of the subordinates are throughout in as perfect keeping as those of the chief actors. The Essays will form, to a large extent, a key to the design and harmony of the different plays, and it is believed will extend an acquaintance with the wondrous fertility, and comprehensiveness of the genius of Shakespeare." In reference to the assistance he has received from Mrs. Clarke, the compiler of the Concordance to Shakespeare, he says:—"An addition to my pleasure—and I think it will likewise be one to my old hearers and new readers—is in the occasion afforded me of mentioning, that my affectionate study of Shakespeare has always been shared by one whom it were scant praise to pronounce the "better part" of me, and that to her feminine discrimination are owing many of the subtleties in character-development which we traced together, and which, in truth, form the "better part" of this volume." Mr. Clarke's book will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., at the beginning of August.

BOOKS ABOUT NEW ZEALAND are growing almost as numerous as about Australia. Messrs. Longman and Co. announce a new one, "A First Year in Canterbury Settlement," by a Young Emigrant.

THE REV. THOMAS HINCKS has nearly ready a History of the British Hydroid Zoophytes.

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY has a work on "The Natural History of Tutbury" in the press.

COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR, author of "Confessions of a Thug," has nearly ready in three volumes, "Tara, a Mahratta Tale of 1657."

"THE ANGLER-NATURALIST," by Mr. H. Cholmondeley Pennell, will be published shortly by Mr. Van Voorst.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE SOLAR SPOTS, made at Redhill Observatory during Seven Years and a Half, from 1853 to 1861, by Mr. R. C. Carrington, is in preparation by Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S "Caxtoniana: a series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners," will be reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and published in two volumes in October.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES of the late Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England" are nearly ready for publication. Such portions as were not printed at the time of the author's decease have been supplied from his notes and MSS. by his son, Mr. F. T. Palgrave.

A FOURTH EDITION of Mr. Kinglake's History of the Invasion of the Crimea is printing. "In this edition some fresh notes will be found, including documentary proofs of controverted statements; but not a word of the text has been withdrawn, and not a word has been added to it."

THE LIST OF LITERARY PENSIONS for the present year has given more satisfaction than usual. 1200*l.* a-year has been distributed as follows:

1. Mr. Joshua Alder, of Newcastle, 70*l.* a-year; "in consideration of his labours as a naturalist, especially in the department of marine zoology, and of his being suddenly reduced to poverty by circumstances over which he had no control."

2. Mrs. Atkinson, 100*l.* a-year; "in consideration of her husband's contributions to geographical science, the fruits of six years' explorations in Eastern Siberia and Magnolia, during which she accompanied him and aided in preserving a record of his researches, and of his having expended all his means in these efforts, leaving his widow totally unprovided for."

3. Mr. George Bartlett, 100*l.* a-year; "in appreciation of his pursuit of the natural and physical sciences during thirty-six years, resulting in the establishment of the Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society, and the publication of many works, but also in a total prostration of mind and body now that he is old."

4. Miss Frances Browne, 100*l.* a-year; "on account of her works in prose and poetry, composed in spite of blindness existing from birth."

5. Mr. S. W. Fulford, 70*l.* a-year; "in consideration of a long career as author and journalist, and of the merits of some of his works."

6. Mrs. Hughes, 100*l.* a-year; "in consideration of her husband's labours in the cause of education during a long service as master of the Greenwich Hospital Schools, and of the straitened circumstances in which she is left."

7. Mr. Lane, 100*l.* a-year; "in testimony of the value of his Arabic Dictionary, the product of twenty years' labour, ten of which were passed in Egypt for the better accomplishment of the task."

8. Dr. Robert Latham, 100*l.* a-year, "in appreciation of his eminence in the studies of grammar, philology, and ethnology, and of his contributions to the knowledge of the same."

9. Sir Thomas Maclear, 100*l.* a-year, "in consideration of his services as Astronomer-Royal, at the Cape of Good Hope."

10. Mr. Gerald Massey, 70*l.* a-year, "in appreciation of his services as a lyric poet sprung from the people."

11. Mrs. O'Donovan, 50*l.* a-year, "in consideration of the late Dr. O'Donovan's contributions to Irish literature and archaeology."

12. Mr. Cyrus Redding, 70*l.* a-year, in consideration of his labours in the field of political and other literature, extending over more than half a century."

13. Mrs. Elizabeth Strutt, 70*l.* a-year, "in consideration of her straitened circumstances at a great age, and after fifty-eight years of contributions to literature."

14. Dr. Tregelles, 100*l.* a-year, "on account of his valuable labours on subjects connected with Biblical criticism."

UNITED STATES.—MR. R. W. EMERSON delivered his well-known oration on "The Method of Nature," before the Society of the Adelphi, in Waterville College, in 1841. He has just accepted an invitation from the same society to be their orator in 1863.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT AND HIS HISTORY.—From the *American Publishers' Circular* we gather the following particulars of Mr Bancroft and his work:—"It will gratify the reading public to know that Little, Brown, and Co., of Boston, have now in the press the ninth volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, and that the tenth volume, completing this national work, is so nearly completed that its publication may be expected ere the close of this year. Hume and Gibbon had the good fortune to conclude their great historical works; but Macaulay and our own Prescott were summoned by Azrael, the death-angel, before their self-imposed labours of thought and memory were ended. Mr. Bancroft, who is still in the prime of intellect, has many years before him, it is to be hoped, during which to enjoy well-won renown as historian of his native land. To him eminently belongs the character of 'a scholar and a ripe one.' His education, commenced in his fatherland, was further prosecuted in Germany under the instruction of eminent philosophical scholars. He made himself familiar with living languages, as well as with the classic treasures from Greece and Rome which have survived the destroying touch of Time. He shared with Macaulay the great advantage of gaining distinction in public life while also hiving knowledge as a man of letters. In his youth, during his travels through Europe, he became familiar with some of the leading literati of the time: with Wolff, the erudite German editor of Homer; with Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense; with Goethe the poet, and Schlosser the historian; with Victor Cousin and Benjamin Constant, with Manzoni, Niebuhr, and Bunsen; and their example naturally confirmed his taste for letters. In maturer years, after he had creditably discharged the responsible duties of Secretary of the Navy, in the Cabinet of Mr. Polk, he was commissioned to represent his country as Minister to London. This was in 1846, at which time were published three volumes of that *magnum opus*, his History, and the intimacy of the leading publicists and men of letters in England was at once tendered to him by them, without distinction of party or position. The national archives in London, and also in Paris, were freely placed at his disposal for the purposes of his great historical work; family documents, carefully preserved by the descendants of warriors and statesmen who had been mixed up with American politics and transactions, were frankly confided to him; and he was doubly honoured, not only as representing the State interests of his nation, but its literature also. On his return, he diligently applied himself to his work, each successive volume of which raised his reputation as a great philosophical writer of history—tolerant and catholic; diligent and liberal; aiming at accuracy above all, and, while disdaining the elaboration which makes a writer's

style oftener turgid than dignified, attaining that noble and lucid simplicity of diction which is best adapted for national history. More than thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Bancroft commenced writing this work—the first volume was published in 1834—and it has literally been to him the loving labour of a life. It will be complete as far as it goes—from the first settlement of this country to the establishment of the independence of the United States. Here and in England it has passed through numerous editions, and has also been translated and largely circulated in Germany, France, and Italy. Let us renew the hope that, like Hallam, the great American historian may long live to enjoy the honours which he has so worthily achieved."

MR. LONGFELLOW is translating the *Paradise of Dante's "Divine Comedy."* THE SECOND VOLUME of Dr. Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," is promised next year.

MR. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, states that he has sold 65,000 copies of Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." The work is in two volumes, and sells for 20*s.*

MR. JACOB BARKER, the millionaire banker of New Orleans, now eighty-four years of age, has just finished writing a history of his life, which will be published next month.

MR. HAWTHORNE is now living in Concord, Massachusetts—not in the old manse, but a little out of the village, in a quaint fabric resembling the House of the Seven Gables. He is absorbed in a new romance, which is approaching completion.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, during the past year, have distributed 339,000 copies of the Scriptures among the Federal Army. The British Society sent a donation of 15,000 copies, with the promise, "You can have all you ask for, for the army of the Union."

THE AMERICAN CAXTON.—A commemorative service was held at Trinity Church, New York, on the 20th May, in honour of William Bradford, the first printer of the Bible in America, and whose name bears the same relation to the art of printing in America as does that of Caxton to the art in Great Britain. Bradford printed the Bible, under the auspices of Trinity Church, of which he was a member. The 20th May was the two-hundredth anniversary of his birthday.

A HORRIBLE LITERARY CURIOSITY.—There is in the library of the Boston Athenæum a thin octavo volume with the following title:—"Narrative of the Life of James Allen, alias George Walton, alias Jonas Pierce, alias James H. York, alias Barby Grove, the Highwayman. Being his Death-bed Confession to the Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison. Boston: Harrington and Co., Publishers, 1837." The startling peculiarity about the aforesaid volume is this. After the death of Walton, his body was given to the surgeons, his skin was tanned, and in this fearful leather the narrative of the life of the highwayman is bound up. A Latin inscription on the cover states the fact:—"Hic Liber Waltonis Cuius compactus est."

BOOKS ON LARGE PAPER.—Until within a few years, only one or two books of importance had been printed on large paper in America. "Sparks's Writings of Franklin," published in 1840, and "Sparks's Writings of Washington," published in 1837, were printed in this manner; but they did not meet the ideas of book-buyers of that time; in fact, a common copy was preferred at the same price. Book-collectors however now begin to desire something more elegant than the common editions; and to meet this want publishers and printers of valuable standard works are printing from fifty to one hundred copies in this style. One of the latest enterprises of this kind is the new edition of Spedding and Ellis's "Works of Bacon." It was published for subscribers at 12*s.* per volume; and although the work will not be completed till July, every copy is subscribed for, and some have been sold for 16*s.*, 20*s.*, and 24*s.*, and parties are now asking 32*s.* and 40*s.* per volume. "White's Shakespeare," of which fifty copies were printed and sold at 12*s.*, now sells for 48*s.* per volume. "Bancroft's History of the United States," of which there were sixty-five copies published at 20*s.*, now sell readily at 40*s.* per volume. We might mention many other works that are much sought after, showing that book-collectors of the present day appreciate large-paper copies and are willing to pay for them.

THE NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS AND THE WAR.—An important meeting has been held in New York to determine the relations between the Government and the press. The call for the meeting was signed by the editors of the *Tribune*, and of the *Evening Post*, Parke Godwin of the *Express*, Mr. Brooks of the *Journal of Commerce*, W. C. Prime, and also by the editors of one or two unimportant weekly papers. No representatives from the *Herald*, *World*, or *Times* were present at the meeting, which adopted the following resolutions: Whereas, the liberty and rights of the press, as affected by the existence and necessities of a state of war, and especially of civil war, are topics of the highest public concern; and whereas, recent events indicate the existence of grave misapprehensions and lamentable confusion of ideas with regard to this vital question: therefore, resolved, that our conceptions of the rights and duties of the press in a season of convulsion and peril like the present are briefly summed up in the following propositions:—1. We recognise and affirm the duty of fidelity to the constitution, government, and laws of our country as a high moral as well as political obligation resting on every citizen, and neither claim for ourselves nor concede to others any exemption from its requirements or privilege to evade their sacred and binding force. 2. That treason and rebellion are crimes, by the fundamental law of this as of every other country; and nowhere else so culpable, so abhorrent, as in a republic, where each man has an equal voice and vote in the peaceful and legal direction of public affairs. 3. While we thus emphatically disclaim and deny any right as inhering in journalists or others to incite, advocate, abet, uphold, or justify treason or rebellion, we respectfully but firmly assert and maintain the right of the press to criticise freely and fearlessly the acts of those charged with the administration of the Government, also those of all their civil and military subordinates, whether with intent directly to secure greater energy, efficiency, and fidelity in the public service, or in order to achieve the same ends more remotely through the substitution of other persons for those now in power. 4. That any limitation of this right created by the necessities of war should be confined to localities wherein hostilities actually exist or are imminently threatened, and we deny the right of any military officer to suppress the issues or forbid the general circulation of journals printed hundreds of miles from the seat of war.

FRANCE.—An eloquent notice of Lord Macaulay's life and works has been read by M. Mignet before the Paris Academy of Sciences; it was listened to with deep attention, and was warmly applauded.

THE *Journal des Debats*, under a second edition head, announces an *on dit* that Mr. Gladstone, who retires from the Board of Trade, is to be appointed Bishop of Cornwall.

NOW THAT MR. KINGLAKE'S book is once more bringing before us all the memorable circumstances of the Russian war, it may not be uninteresting to observe that the Emperor Nicholas's metaphor, comparing Turkey to a "sick man," is not original. In Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," lett. xix., occurs the following remarkable passage, which no doubt suggested the expression to the mind of the Czar:—"J'ai vu avec étonnement la faiblesse de l'empire des Osmanliens. Ce corps malade ne se soutient pas par un régime doux et temperé, mais par de remèdes violens qui l'épuisent et le minent sans cesse."

GERMANY.—ANTIQUITY OF GERMAN BOOKSELLING FIRMS.—In the course of the current year 1863, one bookselling house in Germany, it is said, attains the two hundredth year of its existence, and four others may celebrate their hundredth anniversary.

GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE GRAND-DUKE OF WEIMAR will be published in the course of July, in two volumes, containing about 600 letters, many of which have not only never been printed, but have never been permitted beyond the family of the Grand-Duke.

### TRADE NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. have removed from No. 14, Ludgate-hill, to their new premises in Paternoster-row.

THE FIRM OF MESSRS. SAUNDERS, OTLEY AND CO. is not defunct, as at one time reported, but will be carried on by new members under the old name.

THE FIRM OF MASTERS AND CO. have dissolved partnership, and the publishing in New Bond-street and Aldersgate-street in future will be by "Masters and Son." The retiring partner, Mr. Weightman, has removed to Brighton, where he will carry on business at the Old Library.

MR. TEGG has written a circular letter to the book trade, suggesting that publishers, instead of allowing thirteen books to the dozen, by which the retail booksellers are enabled to sell at a price less than that marked on the book, whereas the publisher charges the full price to the public, should enter into an agreement to reduce their prices to all alike.

MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO. gave a dinner to about one hundred of their clerks and assistants, at the Albion Tavern, on Friday, the 19th of June, in celebration of the opening of their new house in Paternoster-row. Mr. Longman, as senior partner, presided, and after dinner Mr. Green presented every guest, who had been in their employment for ten years, with a cheque for 20*l*.

THE ANNUAL TRIP to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat at Kings Langley took place on Saturday, June 13. More than a hundred ladies and gentlemen left by train at one o'clock. A portion of the band of a neighbouring Volunteer corps greeted the arrival at the station, and the ever-busy friend of the institution, Mr. Dart, and most of the inhabitants, were waiting the arrival of the company upon the terrace. The company partook of refreshments in the Board-room. The gardens are in excellent order, owing to the late refreshing rains and the constant care of Mr. Dart. In one of the tents, Mr. Kidd, in the afternoon, kindly gave one of his acceptable lectures on domestic pets, with various anecdotes relating to reminiscences of thirty or forty years since—attendances at trade auctions, and persons long since passed away. The rain occasionally damped the ardour of the young, who were prepared for lawn-dancing; but, after tea, dancing was kept up in the committee-room until the time of leaving.

COPYRIGHT OF MUSIC TO A DOXOLOGY.—In the case of *Hart v. Morgan and Chase*.—Court of Queen's Bench—the plaintiff, as assignee of the author, Mr. John Fawcett, sued the defendants, printers and publishers, of Amen-corner, for having, without his consent, published a musical composition called the "Doxology," but better known as "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the "Hallelujah Chorus." Mr. Fawcett is a professor of music at Bolton-le-Moors, and in 1815 published the music in question, through Mr. James Peck. About five years prior to 1860 it was out of print, but as constant inquiries were made for it, Mr. Joseph Hart, the plaintiff, who is also a professor of music at St. George's-square, Piccadilly, and a friend of Mr. Fawcett, purchased the copyright. The music was re-engraved, but before publication Mr. Fawcett discovered that the composition had been pirated in the "Revival Tune Book," having other words set to it, known as "Come to Jesus," and published by the defendants. There had been some change of key, and a bar to which the Amen was sung in the original was omitted; but evidence was given which conclusively established the infringement. The case ended in the defendants consenting to a verdict for the plaintiff, with 1*s*. damages; and the learned judge gave the necessary certificates to entitle the plaintiff to costs.

TINSLEY v. LACEY.—COURT OF CHANCERY, before Vice-Chancellor WOOD (June 30).—This suit was instituted by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers, publishers, to restrain Mr. Lacey from publishing two dramas, into which had been introduced bodily the vital portions of "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd," the copyright of which had been purchased by the plaintiffs from Miss Mary Elizabeth Braddon, the authoress. "Lady Audley's Secret" was originally published in the *Sixpenny Magazine*, and the plaintiff gave the authoress 250*l*. for the exclusive right of printing and publishing it for a period of two years. The work attracted great public attention, and ran through eight editions, and Messrs. Tinsleys were so pleased with its success that they gave Miss Braddon 750*l*. additional. "Aurora Floyd," which has run through five editions, was originally published in the *Temple Bar Magazine*, and for the exclusive right of publishing it for a period of two years Messrs. Tinsley gave Miss Braddon 1000*l*. It appears that Mr. Lacey had published as a drama "Lady Audley's Secret" in two acts, from Miss Braddon's popular work of the same title, by Mr. W. E. Souter, and had dealt similarly with the tale of "Aurora Floyd," and was selling them very cheaply. Mr. Holt and Mr. Martindale appeared for the plaintiffs, and Mr. G. M. Giffard and Mr. E. E. Kay for the defendant. The Vice-Chancellor granted a perpetual injunction against the defendant as prayed by the bill.

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 The myriad midges whirl about the burn.  
 The happy kine, with deep content of mind,  
 In piteous green pastures take their fill.  
 The lakes, like mighty opals, glint and glow;  
 And earth, dear earth, is very beautiful,  
 Crowned with the flowery circlet summer brings.  
 O, that the present might for ever be!  
 But now, through all this flush of summer light,  
 I see the red leaves of October days.  
 I hear the sad wind whine through naked boughs,

And the dull drip of drear November rain.  
 I see grey winter, muffled to the chin,  
 Stand where the skeleton of this green earth  
 Lies bare and sparkling in the cruel frost.

Perhaps, if mother earth unchanging were,  
 And green for ever as she now is green,  
 Our love would grow too fervent, and the pang  
 At parting, when death calls, from scenes so fair,  
 Too bitter; therefore change is very good.  
 I bow mine head, and call it very good.  
 Ah me, for that unchanging which we yearn to see!

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